



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

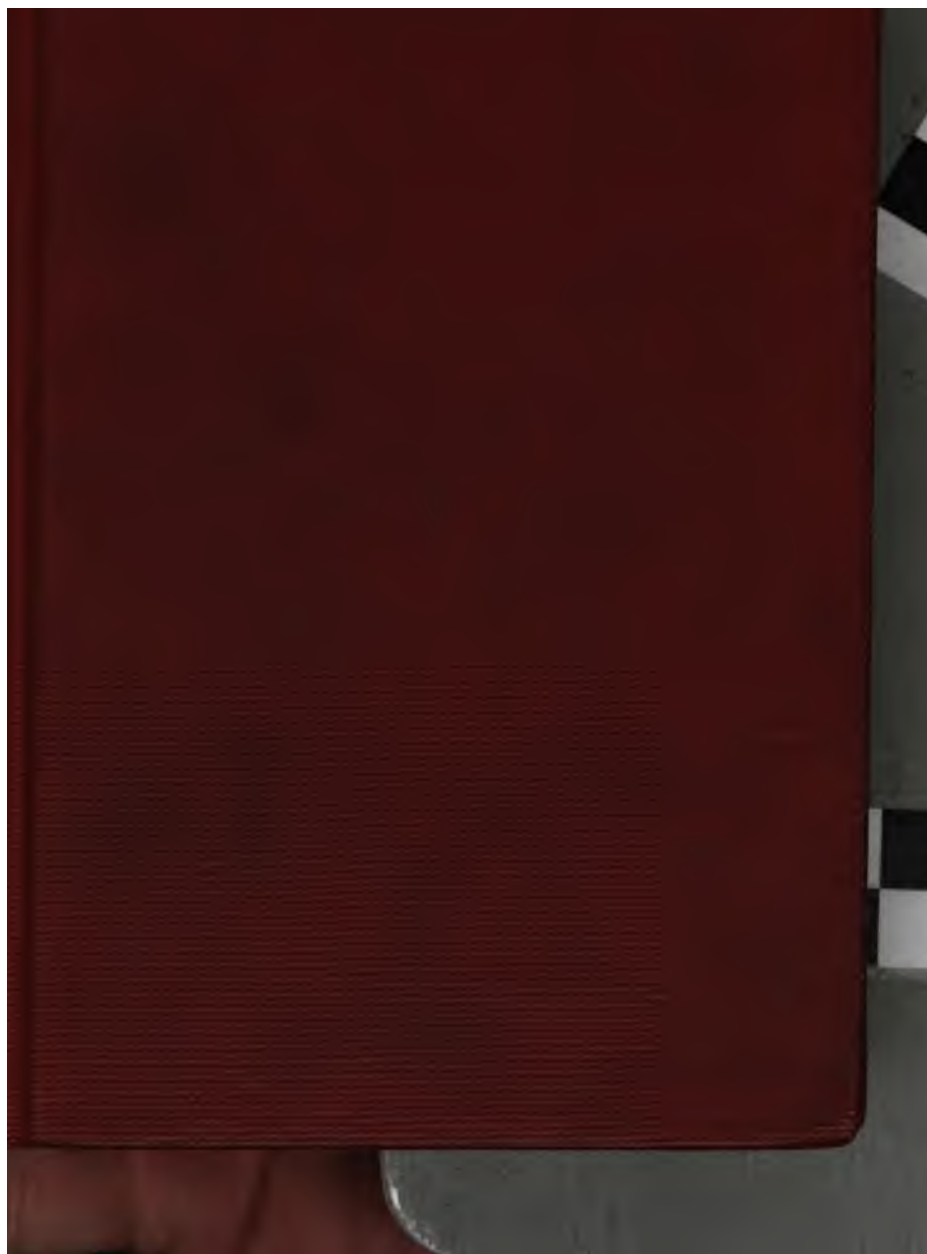
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



THE
MAYFLOWER.

FOR
M DCCC XLVIII.

They met with many contrary winds and fierce storms, with which their ship was *shrewdly shaken*, and her upper works made very leaky, and one of the main beams of the mid-ship was bowed and cracked, which put them to some fear that she would not be able to perform the voyage.
New England's Memorial, 1653.

EDITED BY
MRS. E. OAKES SMITH,

Author of "The True Child," "Dandelion," "Moss Cup," &c. &c.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY SAXTON AND KELT.

1848.

that the pleasant links of association are still unsevered, and the few choice spirits added to the circle but make the entertainment more tasteful and more varied. We dare not separate one from the elegant group, where each has his own appropriate claims to approval, but we must say, that we regard the **MAYFLOWER** as a book to be read and preserved, not only as suggestive of thought and sentiment, but as embodying these in itself; and therefore to be regarded less as a showy gift book, than as one having a character of its own, and claims of its own, to be preserved as a memorial of many of the best and most elegant writers amongst us.

We will close our preface in the sweet homeliness of language used by the author of *New England's Memorial*, in presenting to his readers the history of the Pilgrims of the **MAYFLOWER**.

"And now, courteous reader, that I may not hold thee too long in the porch, I only crave thee to read this following with a single eye, and with the same ends as I had in penning it. Carp not at what thou dost not approve, but use it as a remembrance; it may be a help to thee in thy journey through the wilderness of this world."

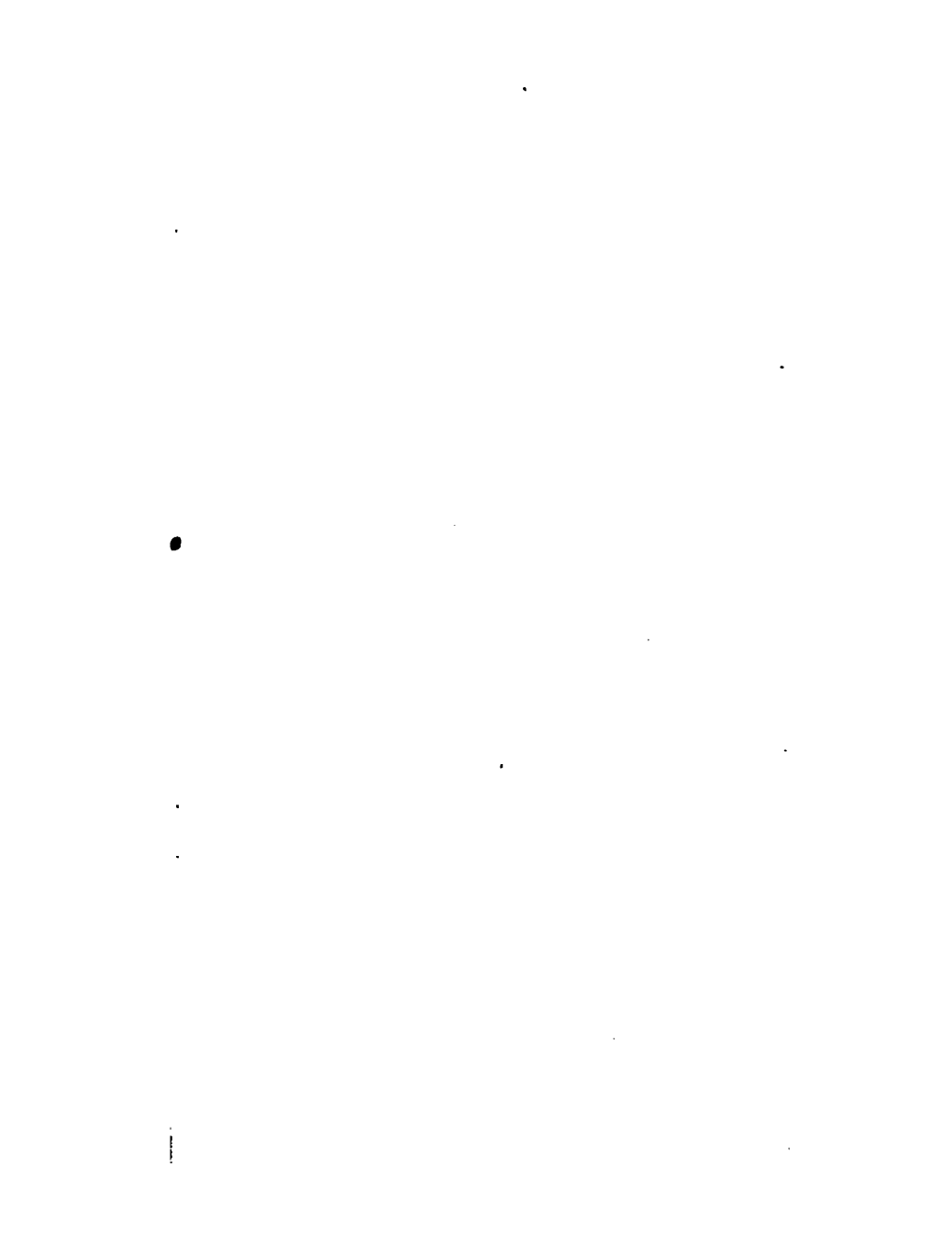
TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	Page,
The Red Men of America, ...	17
The Peasant Girl, ... EMMA C. EMBURY, . . .	47
To the Unsatisfied, ... HARRIET WINSLOW, . . .	49
The Poetry of Trade, ... C. F. HOFFMAN, . . .	52
Jealousy, ... E. HELFENSTEIN, . . .	75
Sinned Against, or the Cottage Door, ... E. OAKES SMITH, . . .	76
To the Mayflower, ... HARRIET N. JENKS, . . .	135
Heart Utterance, ... RUDOLPH HERZMANN, . . .	137
Confidence and Affection, ... FRANCES S. OSGOOD, . . .	139
Nobody's enemy but his own, ... EMMA C. EMBURY, . . .	141
Memory, ... H. T. TUCKERMAN, . . .	163
Mary Stuart, ... MARGARET FULLER, . . .	166
Gentle Born, ... E. OAKES SMITH, . . .	170
Beauty, Vanity, and Marble Mantels, ... E. HELFENSTEIN, . . .	172
The Willow, ... HARRIET WINSLOW, . . .	188
The Sentiment of Petship, ... E. OAKES SMITH, . . .	191
The Forsaken, ... ELIZABETH BOGERT, . . .	204

	Page.
Reminiscences of a Mother, . . . LUCY H. WELLS, . . .	211
Prophecy of the Flowers. Impromptu. C. F. HOFFMAN, . . .	229
The Lover's Talisman, . . . E. OAKES SMITH, . . .	231
Absence, . . . , ... RUDOLPH HERZMANN, . . .	232
The Utterance of Truth, . . . W. R. PRINCE, . . .	254
Lazy Jake, ... E. S. VAN WINKLE, . . .	259
The Hard Word, ... EDITOR, ...	283
To a Skull, ... DANIEL SEYMOUR, . . .	296
To the Virgin, ... ANNA C. LYNCH, . . .	299
My Double, ... C. F. HOFFMAN, . . .	299
The Forest Cemetery, ... C. F. HOFFMAN, . . .	300

LIST OF PLATES. ✓

<i>Prophecy of the Flowers.</i> (Frontispiece.) Engraved by J. SARTAIN.	
Vignette. Designed by H. BILLINGS. Engraved by A. WARREN.	
<i>I wish I were a great lady.</i> Engraved by J. SARTAIN. . . .	Page 47
<i>Cottage Door.</i> Painted by GAINSBOROUGH. Engraved by J. SARTAIN.	" 76
<i>How are ye?</i> Engraved by J. SARTAIN.	" 115
<i>Confidence and Affection.</i> Painted by A. FERRAND. Engraved by J. SARTAIN.	" 130
<i>I wish I were a Poor Girl.</i> Engraved by J. SARTAIN.	" 170
<i>The Hard Word.</i> Painted by HUNT. Engraved by J. SARTAIN.	" 203
<i>The Virgin.</i> Painted by MURILLO. Engraved by J. SARTAIN.	" 209



INTRODUCTION.

As a people, we are proud of our Pilgrim Fathers,—proud of the little band who manned the “**MAIFLOWER**” with sturdy hearts, brave courage, and an honest, hearty zeal to do whatsoever the great stirrings of duty should prompt. In venerating them, as we do, let it be with an enlightened eye, which, seeing these men as they were, (for they can abide the scrutiny), is able to see also **what** was defective as well as praiseworthy in their history. Let us not apply any imaginary test; they were **men**, with the many infirmities of men. But there was a strong, unflinching, Cromwellian breadth about them, of which we may well stand in awe. They were men, such as a **great** age, the searching questionings of a religious reform, and the prelusive mutterings of the earthquake of a political revolution alone could produce;—men who lived above and be-

yond the mere claims of social position, nay, regarded the endearments of kindred as a snare, and the yearnings of affection as the subtle device of the enemy of souls, to traverse their destruction.

Let us look into the *aims* of these men; see what were their *motives* for action; and, if their conduct was in harmony with such aims, their lives consistent with such motives, we must yield the plaudit of "well done, good and faithful servants," ye were faithful to the trust reposed in your own souls; ye were true to the truth that was in you; and ye shall be honored. What, though ye were blind in many points? what, though ye were Horebs, sealing the fountains of human tenderness, — massive shapes, with groans and many prayers clinging to the altar of God? — yet did ye manfully cling thereto, right earnestly pray; stern and unfaltering were ye, ready to uproot an empire, if need be; to trample upon a kingly crown, to tear the dearest jewel from your own great, true hearts, so ye might do service unto God.

Let us re-peruse the records of the past, and see where ye are separate from the breathing mass of which were once a part. In 1602, says one of their early historians, "Divers godly christians in the North of Ireland, being *studious of reformation*, and therefore, not *witnessing against human inventions and additions* to worship of God, but, minding most the positive and *tical* of divine institutions, they entered into *covenant walk with God*, and with one another, in enjoyr

the ordinances of God, *according to the primitive pattern in the word of God.*"

Here we find the great aim of their lives, and the motive which influenced all their movements—"to walk with God after the primitive pattern." They were neither absorbed nor bewildered by the routine of common society, but able to resolve things into their original elements; able to go to the root of the matter. Elementary, primitive, *savage* it may be, in the nakedness of their perceptions; yet is there wondrous power, and massive beauty in these up-springings of fresh and vigorous thought, from those who dare to walk with God, nearest to the truth, and nearest to nature.

Impressed by these promptings of the inner man, "and finding they could not peaceably enjoy their own liberty in their native country, without offence to others," they resolved to go forth, trusting in the good God, and seek an asylum elsewhere. "Arriving in Holland, they settled themselves in the City of Leyden, in the year 1610, and there they continued divers years in a comfortable condition, *enjoying much sweet society* and spiritual comfort in the ways of God, living peaceably amongst themselves, and *'being courteously entertained, and lovingly respected by the Dutch.'*" Here we have a just, hearty tribute to the hospitable bearing of the Dutch, from men capable of appreciation, before the license which followed the tornado of the revolution, had introduced to the English mind that cant of flippant abuse, and that absurd caricature of a simple,

truthful and hardy people, which remains a stain to their literature; a cant which found an admired but inglorious echo upon our own shores, in a work whose wit is hardly able to redeem its wantonness of libel.*

Grateful for the kindness of the Hollanders, yet finding their position amongst them of a kind likely to frustrate their plans of a pure church and a pure people; liable to be swallowed up amongst a people of a strange tongue, and themselves likely to assimilate thereto, "though at rest at this time;" they foresaw they would soon cease to have a separate existence, and, therefore, resolved to remove to America, "they being desirous," continues Morton, "rather to enlarge his majesty's dominions, and to live under their natural prince."

All things being in readiness to depart, "they had a day of humiliation, the pastor teaching a part of the day very profitably and suitably from these words:—'Then I proclaimed a fast there, at the river of Ahava, that we might afflict ourselves before our God, *to seek of him a right way for us, and for our little ones*, and for all our substance.'"
I know of nothing, in the whole history of our race, more affecting than the picture here presented; this handful of men in a strange land clinging to each other, and yet ready to tempt new hazards and estrangements from the holy desire to find the "*right way* for themselves and their little ones;" casting the present good behind their backs, in the

* The Knickerbocker History of New York.

hope of a greater, higher good in the hereafter; loyally wishing to enlarge the territories of their prince; yet, most eager to establish a new church zealous of good works. Cold, and sordid, utterly divorced from the promptings of a right conscience, must he be, who could wag his tongue against you, ye stern types of a great people! I am with you, in your tears and prayers, and high aspiration, and pray God that the mantle of your spirits be not utterly torn from us.

Hear the affecting words of their cotemporary upon this occasion. "The rest of the time was spent in pouring out of prayers unto the Lord, with *great fervency, mixed* with abundance of tears; and the time being come that they must depart, they were accompanied by most of their brethren out of the city unto a town called Delfs Haven, where the ship lay ready to receive them; *so they left that goodly and pleasant city, which had been their resting place above eleven years*; but they knew that they were *pilgrims* and strangers here below, and *looked not much on these things*, but lifted up their eyes to heaven, their dearest country, where God hath prepared for them a city; and therein *quieted their spirits*."

I confess I know of nothing more tender, or involving more the elements of deep pathos, than these apostolic, self-sacrificing words. Yet these are the men whom the cant of the day would stigmatize as bigots, persecutors and intolerants. Hear old Morton once more. "One night was spent with little sleep with the most; the next day, the wind

being fair, they went on board, and their friends with them ; *where truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting ; to hear what sighs, and sobs, and prayers, did sound amongst them ; what tears did gush from every eye ; and pithy speeches pierced each other's heart, that many of the Dutch strangers, that stood on the quay as spectators, could not refrain from tears : yet comfortable and sweet, to see such lively and true expressions of dear and unfeigned love. Their reverend pastor, falling down on his knees, and they all with him, with watery cheek, commended them with most fervent prayers unto the Lord and his blessing ; and then, with mutual embraces, and many tears, they took their leave one of another, which proved to be the last leave to many of them.*" It will be remembered that only a portion of the Church came over in the "Mayflower," the others having determined to remain till the Colony became somewhat established ; in this way the names of many, who *belonged to the Pilgrim band, are not recorded in the list of the "Mayflower,"* they having been compelled by circumstances to remain still longer in Holland ; the remaining members continuing to arrive for about ten years, at which time, we may suppose, that business connected with the well-being of the community might have been fully arranged.

Our limits will not permit us to say much as to subsequent events. We observe a tendency amongst the historians of the day, and an arrogant assumption amongst our people at large, to claim the whole development of Ameri-

can liberty, as springing from this remarkable band. Much, very much undoubtedly did so spring. The predominance of a *great sentiment* in their movements, did much to infuse power and permanency into the results which followed; but be it remembered, that the whole world,—the christian world,—had been in a ferment, which, so far from subsiding, subsequently developed itself in political changes, which are felt in England to this day. It was the age of stirring adventure and severe thought. The oppressed, and the advocate for reform in its manifold shapes, crowded to our shores, in the hope of realizing the aspirations of universal liberty, and good order. It was not the pilgrim alone who sought an asylum here, but the Moravian, and the Huguenot, as well as the thousands, impelled by wilder dreams of human freedom, and less spiritual aims.

Here, then, we have not one lump of leaven only, but masses of fresh, earnest, and healthful thought, effervescing, subsiding, and consolidating all along our broad and prophetic shores; and when, at length, the time for action did come, it was not the men of Massachusetts alone, but those of Georgia, Carolina, Virginia, New York; each and all,—that sprang forth; a phalanx of incorruptible, hardy men, who had not bowed the knee to the baal of political debasement.

True, the pilgrims were narrow in their views; but their aim was a church of God, far more than an empire of earth. The church is crumbling away in the fingers of time; but a greater church and a great empire are spring-

ing from its ashes. The good that we aim at in life is not always realized, or realized but in part; yet the *truth* that is in us will assuredly bring a more exalted good.

True, they were intolerant,—persecuting;—yes! but, believing that they, through tears, prayers, and much tribulation, had grasped *the truth*, they were jealous of its subversion;—they had become *twice* exiles, that they might preserve themselves from the contagion of error, such as they conceived it to be; and they were *consistent*, at least, in their efforts to protect themselves from its poison, in this their last foot-hold. Shall we condemn them? If we do so, let it be done reverently; seeing what they had suffered; what they had grasped as truth; how vital it was in their eyes; what they had encountered to secure it; and then, if we, a weak, compromising race, dare lift a finger against these panoplied giants, God help us! for the spirit of the pilgrims has clean died out in our midst.

THE
MAYFLOWER.

THE RED MEN OF AMERICA.*

THE MAYFLOWER is a word associated in the minds of all who have a taste for the beauties of nature, with the most joyous and exhilarating images. It reminds us of the cheerful fields of Spring, painted in all the gay and gorgeous splendor of brilliant colors, fanned by mild and gentle airs that are fragrant with the breath of myriads of the opening glories of the new-born year; while the natural charms of the landscape are harmonized and made vocal by the songs of thousands of the most gay, beautiful and innocent of the animated creation. But to the descendants of the pilgrims of New England, this word, the symbol of all that is joyous in the natural world, brings with it moral recollec-

* We regret that we are not permitted to give the name of the author of this interesting and elegant paper, a knowledge of which would not fail to enhance its value in the mind of the reader.

tions of a more grave and serious character. It reminds us of the bold and holy enterprise of our fathers, in seeking a refuge from civil and ecclesiastical persecution in the land of their birth, by abandoning the firesides and graves of their fathers, for the purpose of planting a new nation, and building new altars in what was then a gloomy wilderness. It brings back to our memory their long and laborious struggles with the wild and savage nature of the country, rendered doubly severe by the severity of the climate; and their more fearful contests with the primitive tenants of the country. Two centuries and a quarter have passed away since they first set their feet on the Plymouth rock. What a change has taken place! The dark and sombre forests have given place to cultivated fields; the rude wigwams of the savage have risen into the stately mansions of the merchant, or been transformed into the warm and comfortable dwellings of the farmer and mechanic; and over the dens and hiding places of the bear and the wolf have sprung up the school-house, the church, and the exchange. On every side is heard the cheerful and busy hum of industry in places which then echoed only to the wild fury or the sullen murmurs of the primeval forest.

In looking back on what our ancestors have accomplished, we may be pardoned for feeling some pride in being descended from such fathers. What-

ever may have been their faults, they were, beyond controversy, men of lofty character, and marked by high and ennobling traits. They were endued with a heroism which had its foundation in deep religious conviction, and in a firm reliance on the protection of an over-ruling providence, by far more worthy of admiration than the mere physical courage of the most accomplished chevalier, as it is more exalted in its principle and more rarely to be found. But in the moral world nothing human is perfect. The fairest virtues are always found dashed with imperfections. The good and the bad are mingled, in various proportions, it is true, but always mingled. A religious mind may trace in this mixture of good and evil, the consequences of the judgment on our common parents. They have followed their descendants in whatever situation or circumstances the course of time has placed them. The bright moral portraiture of our pilgrim fathers has its dark shades. Fair as it appears when we look at its bright side, if we examine more closely our impartial judgment is shocked, and we involuntarily recoil from some of the features which are forced on our observation, for the trail of the serpent is there also. Self love as well as filial piety inclines us to dwell on the fair features, and we may be excused for being a little blind to their faults. But we cannot, if we would, and we ought not, if we could, withdraw our atten-

tion wholly from their defects of temper and mistakes of conduct. Among the most prominent and painful of these we must signalize their intercourse with the Indians.

Five years before their arrival a visitation of providence had swept the country of nearly all its inhabitants, leaving it vacant for the first occupant. A few only remained, and one of that few, Samoset, a short time after they landed, came to their encampment, and saluted them with the grateful sounds, welcome, Englishmen ! for he had learned a little English from his previous intercourse with some fishermen. He introduced them, not long after, to the celebrated chief, Massasoit, with whom they made a treaty of friendship, which for fifty years was kept, in good faith, by the Indian authorities. It was the friendship of this chief that protected and saved the infant colony. But how was this friendship repaid by the pilgrims to the race of the red man ? Five years had scarcely elapsed after the handful of emigrants first landed at Plymouth, before they began to destroy the natives by secret stratagems and open violence. Unsuspecting Indians, calling at their settlement in a friendly manner, were seized and put in irons, and rewards were offered for Indian scalps. That these violences were provoked, in many cases, is undoubtedly true ; and they thus far took the character of retaliation. An eye for an eye, and

a tooth for a tooth, constitutes the basis of the *jus gentium* among savage communities. But it is not the law of civilized man, much less that of christian charity. Certainly it ought not to be the rule of civilized and christian men, in their intercourse with rude and uncultivated races, who are naturally jealous and suspicious, governed by impulse rather than reflection, and always men of strong and unchastened passions.

But the situation of the colonists was full of peril, encompassed as they were by wild and savage tribes, whose jealousy was easily awakened by this encroachment of strangers on the domain of their fathers. Stranger and enemy are often synonymous words in the language of barbarians. The colonists took counsel of their fears more than of their humanity, and fear is often an imprudent and almost always a cruel counsellor. If they had regulated their intercourse with the red men by the law of kindness and christian charity, the result might, and probably would, have been very different. They might have allayed the suspicions and gained the confidence of the Indians, and the two races might have lived, increased and mingled together, in peace and friendship. The example of Penn has shown what might have been expected. But different counsels prevailed. The war of races, of all wars the most merciless, commenced with mutual cruelties, and

has been continued for two centuries, until the race of the red man is nearly exterminated. No other result could have been anticipated. Little honor could be gained by the whites in so unequal a contest. It was a war of men encased in all the armor of civilization, against naked and comparatively unarmed savages.

The apology for these wars in the beginning was the dangers to which the colonists were exposed. They were provoked by outrage, sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other ; but in the main they were defensive. The excuse for continuing them after the power of the Indians was broken, and the red man ceased to be an object of terror or even formidable, and still more after their numbers were so reduced that they became objects either of contempt or compassion, is, that the Indian is essentially and by the constitution of his nature a savage, and incapable of civilization ; that is our excuse for this. War of extermination, when reduced to its last analysis, is precisely the same as our justification for exterminating beasts of prey ; that their nature is essentially evil and incapable of being reclaimed.

Before we turn a deaf ear to the calls of humanity, and put our consciences into a quiet slumber under this opiate, we ought at least to be well assured that it is founded in truth. Let us then for a moment inquire whether the red man is naturally incapable

of taking the habits and manners of civilized life. The history of the old world shows us that the progress of civilization is from the hunter to the shepherd, and from the shepherd to agricultural life. From the bosom of agricultural habits and industry gradually emerges commerce, and this brings in its train all the useful and ornamental arts of a highly civilized and refined state of society. The same history shows us that this progress, when not favored by adventitious causes, is exceedingly slow. Let us look at our own race, the northern families of the Caucasian or Ludo Germanic blood. The lights of history carry us back to a time when our progenitors, in the forests of Germany, were not advanced much beyond the hunter state; that is, they were elevated but little in the scale of civil and social refinement above the tribes of Indians which covered this continent when it first became known to Europe, and certainly considerably below some of them, as the Mexicans. We now see the change, and congratulate ourselves with feelings of pride in the contrast. But let us pause for a moment. *Three thousand years intervened between these extremes.* The long line of our ancestors had been employed thirty centuries in developing the better elements of their nature before they were capable of giving us a Milton and a Fenelon. If, at the first of these periods, a colony from a highly civilized people had

planted themselves on the shores of the Baltic, armed as our fathers were, with the musket and the cannon, and insufficient power to overcome their barbarous neighbors, they might have found, if they had used their superiority with as much treachery and cruelty, these, our ancestors, as intractable as the Europeans found the Indians, and the history of our race might have become that of the red man. This would, almost certainly, have been the result, if we suppose the parallel to have been complete, and give to the antagonist races a marked and obvious physical distinction, as that of color, which at every turn reminded both of the difference of blood, inflaming the pride and arrogance of one, and humbling and breaking down the spirit and confidence of the other. Fortunately for us, such an event did not occur, and our race was left to work out the problem of its own capabilities in its own way. But we must not hastily take it for granted that the natural capabilities of the Indian race are inferior to our own, and incapable of receiving the polish of civilization, because they were rude and uncultivated when we found them. Considerable advances had certainly been made by some of the nations, and others belonging to the same race must be supposed to be equally susceptible of cultivation. What progress might have been made, even at this time, if all improvement, and, we may add, all possibility of

improvement, had not been arrested by the barbarous violence of their conquerors, cannot be known. But there is just reason to believe that the germs of improvement, which had been developed in favorable localities, and perhaps under favorable circumstances, would have been gradually diffused, and if the red men had been left to themselves there would have grown up an indigenous civilization, adapted to the nature and circumstances of the race, which in time would have spread itself among all the families of the common race, until it covered the whole continent.

What particular type that civilization would have taken can only be known by conjecture, or at most by probable reasoning. There can, however, I think, be no doubt that it would have been of a high and generous character. The Indians, under all the disadvantages in which we have seen them, disclose the elements of a noble nature. There is nothing in them of that patient and obsequious servility that distinguishes the African, the natural indication of a race born to be servants. They inherit from nature a proud and independent spirit, which may be broken but not bent. They may be exterminated, but they cannot be subdued and degraded to a condition of menial servitude. No race of men ever exhibited higher examples both of active and passive heroism. The instances of romantic and daring adventures in

war are without number, and it is no impeachment of the courage of the Indian that he studies to accomplish his object by art rather than force. Among all nations, barbarous as well as civilized, the highest rewards are reserved for *sagacity in council* rather than intrepidity in the field. The arms of Achilles were bestowed on the wisdom of Ulysses, and not on the gigantic strength and brute courage of Ajax.

Fortis vivi tulit arma disertus.

The patient and invincible stoicism of the Indian, under every species of torture, when the chances of war have thrown him into the hands of an enemy, are yet more extraordinary. The sentiment of personal honor, a feeling nearly allied to all the higher and more heroic virtues, has never shown itself stronger in any race than in that of the red man. A punishment involving *personal indignity*, without pain, is more terrible to an Indian than death.*

But it is not the heroic virtues alone that belong to the nature of the red man. They have the germs of the best virtues that belong to cultivated and refined life, those which constitute the very well-springs of civilization. All human society com-

* This trait of the Indian character is most happily and most powerfully developed in the poem of the *Vigil of Faith*, by Hoffman, in which a chief is condemned to the penalty of the shorn lock, or in other words, is deprived of the tuft of honor, the scalp lock, which, to the red warrior, is what the unshorn locks were to the strong Sampson,—an emblem and evidence of power.

mences with the family. The domestic and social precede the civil virtues. In the little patriarchal community that surrounds the domestic hearth of the rude savage or barbarian, we have the moral image of the future commonwealth, of which it is the seed. The virtues and vices, which we find there, are developed and brought out in the progress of civilization ; but cultivation and refinement bring no element absolutely new to the nature of man. It only evolves and brings to maturity the qualities originally planted there. It is the rude block which is chiseled by the hand of art into the graceful and perfect statue ; but the material is not changed. Now if we look into this primitive community among the Indians, we find the natural affections glowing in all their strength and purity, not in the mother only, but in the father. The red man is kind, affectionate and indulgent to his children, even to weakness and a fault. Nor does he exercise his superiority over his wife with more harshness than is usual to other barbarians, for the tender and delicate treatment of woman is one of the late fruits of an advanced state of civilization. This is the best evidence that we can have that, in the red man, the social and humane elements of his nature equal at least the stern and heroic. Compare this fireside of the Indian, where his uncultivated nature shows itself without restraint, with that of our Anglo Saxon pro-

genitors twelve or thirteen centuries ago. We shall not find the comparison redound much to the honor of our ancestors, for we find them selling their children into perpetual slavery to the slave dealers of Italy. Can there be any thing darker than this found in the domestic history of the Indians? And yet, twelve centuries of cultivation has placed this race nearly at the head of the civilization of the world.

Parental affection is an instinct which is found in brutes as well as in the human family; but as a natural and physical instinct it seems to be limited to the maternal parent. In the father it is something more; it is a social principle. So we find it in the Indian. That warmth of social affection, which is witnessed in the domestic circle, is extended beyond to all from whom they have received offices of kindness. If the Indian has a deep and lasting sense of injury, it is certain that he feels quite as profoundly acts of generosity and friendship. And gratitude and friendship are elements of our nature eminently moral and social, and wherever they are characteristic of a people, we have the best evidence that the race has a capacity for moral and social improvement. No uncultivated tribes of men have ever exhibited these traits of character in fairer and more attractive colors than the American Indians. The instances are without number, in which we

have seen the most faithful and devoted friendship in the red man, in repaying acts of kindness and fulfilling the offices of friendship with the most gallant and self-sacrificing devotion; and that to the white man, the exterminating enemy of his kindred. The hereditary hostility of his race, instilled into his mind in infancy, and exasperated by the tales of a thousand wrongs to his fathers, has melted into feelings of generosity in favor of a personal friend, and he has braved every danger, and increased the jealousy and hostility of his kindred and tribe, while obeying the nobler impulses of his nature.

Nor is the red man capable only of that limited benevolence which spends itself in individual and personal friendship. It is equal to that expansive philanthropy which embraces the whole of mankind. He may stand up to all the world and claim for himself that beautiful line of the Roman dramatist,

"Homo sum; nihil humani a me alienum puto."

and here I cannot deny myself the pleasure of illustrating the generous humanity of the red man by a recent historical fact. The story has been seen by most of my readers, but it so happily illustrates the moral elevation of the Indian character, that it deserves a place in this connexion.

Five and twenty years ago the Pawnees were one of the wildest and most uncultivated tribes of Indians

that inhabited the territory of the United States, this side of the rocky mountains. The simplicity of their primitive manners may, like that of other tribes living within the influence of the white settlements, have been debased and corrupted by the imported vices of the borderers. But the missionaries had not yet planted among them the first seeds of christian civilization. They were immersed in all the depths and darkness of their primitive and native superstitions. One of these was commemorated by the annual sacrifice of a human victim to propitiate the Great Star of the West, a deity which, according to the traditions of their faith, controlled the course of the year, and gave them fruitful or adverse seasons. The victim sacrificed was a captive taken in war, and the more distinguished it was for any remarkable qualities, the more acceptable it was supposed to be to the god. It was an object of pride and ambition to these rude sons of the forest to offer to the deity the fruits of their martial enterprise and courage; and to be permitted to do it gave to the warrior no little dignity and authority in the tribe.

About the time we have mentioned, one of the most rude and savage Braves of the tribe succeeded, in a hostile incursion on a neighboring tribe, in capturing and bringing home a young and beautiful girl. Her unstained purity and youthful grace, just ripening into womanhood, would make her a choice offering

to the sanguinary deity, and he at once determined to apply for the coveted distinction of providing an offering for the tribe. The beauty and innocence of his prize secured to him the favor. The usual means were then employed to prepare a distinguished and acceptable offering to the god. The victim was treated with the greatest care and tenderness; she was fed with the choicest viands that the culinary art of the savages could furnish, for the purpose of giving her all the full and rounded beauty of form, and the cheerful and joyous cast of countenance which was supposed to be most grateful to the god. But while the maid was the object of all these tender assiduities, she was kept in profound ignorance of the destiny which awaited her. She little dreamed that all this affectionate and devoted attendance was the prelude and preparation of a cruel and bloody tragedy, of which she was to be the victim. When the season for the sacrifice arrived, and the unsuspecting girl was ready in all her rounded and graceful beauty, preparations were made for this imposing religious ovation; the providing a new bride for the god of the Great Star. A place for the sacrifice was chosen by the priest. A stake was driven into the ground on a small swell of land, and about it were heaped up in a circle piles of fagots. The whole tribe of the Pawnees was gathered around, arranged at convenient distances, to witness the spectacle. To them

it was a scene of joy and exultation, as well as a religious duty. In the mean time the favored warrior, who had the privilege of furnishing the victim, had prepared her for the tragedy. He brought her out from his humble cabin, and led her up to the assembled multitude, gorgeously decked out with all those wild and ostentatious ornaments that strike and captivate the imagination of savages. The crowd opens and allows him a passage. The unhappy victim was still unconscious of the meaning of all this pomp and parade until the circle of savages closed behind her ; and then the stake and fagots before her eyes for the first time announced to her heart the terrible destiny for which she had been reserved. To escape was impossible, and she is led by her ferocious captor a passive and unresisting victim to the funeral pyre. Her hands are bound with strong cords to the stake. All is ready for the consummation of the dreadful sacrifice, and the sacrificial priest is seen advancing with a blazing torch to light the fire. At that moment a young Brave, with a drawn knife in his hand, darts from the crowd and rushes to the victim. To cut the cords, seize the maid, and throw her helpless and fainting with terror on a horse that stood by, and to mount himself another by her side, was the work of a moment. He dashes through the circle of savages with his rescued victim, and fled with the swiftness of an arrow to the forest, be-

fore the astonished spectators had time to recover from their stupor and surprise. When their spirits rallied and they had recovered from their amazement, they found the precious victim was free in the depths of the forest. Then they gave vent to their disappointment in cries of rage and vengeance. In the meantime the youthful hero, with his prize, pursued their flight, until falling in with a wandering company of the tribe to which she belonged, she was put under their protection and returned to her family.

Such is the story of the young Petalasharro, the son of a Pawnee chief, then little more than twenty years of age, and the fair Stean maid. I will not undertake to say how far my own sympathies may blind my judgment; but if I am not greatly deceived the traditions of all antiquity may be challenged to produce a single action that surpasses, in moral dignity and beauty, this gallant devotion of the young Pawnee. There is in the legends of the heroic ages of the Greeks an incident, which, in many of its features, bears a striking analogy to this story of the Indian girl. It is the sacrifice of Iphigenia, at Aulis. The story of the Grecian maid has been immortalized in the harmonious verses of Euripides, the most pathetic of all the Grecian poets, and, if I may be allowed the expression, delivered over to a second immortality by the tender and graceful muse of Racine, the most perfect and exquisite of all tra-

gic writers, until her name has become familiar to all the lovers of beautiful poetry. She, like the fair Stean, was doomed to die, a sacrifice to a bloody superstition, to appease the offended majesty of Diana. The poets who preserved her memory have given to her, Achilles, the hero of the Trojan war, for her champion. She was betrothed to him by her father before her doom. And they have sought to exalt his character, by making him brave, in defence of his love, the fury of the whole Grecian army. By making Achilles her lover they have increased the dramatic effect of the fable. They have justified, and rendered in a measure necessary, his interposition, by clothing him with the rights and duties of a betrothed husband, and his native heroism is inflamed and sublimated by his love. But in the same proportion as they have given to the fable greater breadth and variety of dramatic interest and coloring, they have diminished the moral grandeur and sublimity of the hero. The young Pawnee was not led to defy the vengeance of his whole nation by the promptings of love, a passion that has always, in its workings, something that is selfish as well as something that is generous. It was the inspiration of a pure and holy philanthropy, unmixed with a single interested emotion, unalloyed by a single drop of selfishness to stain its purity or shade the brightness of its colors.

If this was a solitary instance of the heroism of the young Pawnee, it might be attributed to a sudden and capricious movement of generosity and enthusiasm. But, besides the fact that the action was deliberately arranged and prepared beforehand, it does not stand alone. Another instance is recorded, of his saving from this bloody superstition of his tribe, another victim, somewhat less romantic in its circumstances, but not less noble in its principle.

In the year 1821, some time after the rescue of the Stean maid, the young Pawnee was at Washington on a visit with a number of his tribe. The report of his noble conduct had preceded him ; and the ladies of Washington determined to present him some testimonial as an honorary reward of his courage and humanity. A medal was prepared and presented to him, with a short address, expressing their admiration of his noble and generous action. His reply, comprised in a few words, is in perfect harmony with the simple dignity of his nature. "I did not," he says, "before know how good the act was ; you have told me, and have made my heart glad." Can any one doubt that such a nature as that of Petalasharro is capable of being raised by cultivation to all the graces of the most refined civilization ? And yet he is of the same blood with all the red men of America. Can we then hope to be justified before the world in

pursuing a policy that looks to the utter extermination of the Indian, under the pretext that his nature is essentially wild and savage, and incapable of having engrafted upon it the peaceful virtues of civilized life?

I have thus far been illustrating the social and moral character of the Indian race, and have endeavored to prove that, in their qualities, they are not inferior to other races that have arisen to a high state of refinement. But these are not the only qualities required to enable a people to make considerable progress in the arts of life. Two others are indispensable; first, a natural superiority of intellectual endowment; the second is habits of industry, that is, a capacity for patient and persevering labor directed to the attainment of a particular object. It is this superiority of intellect that has made man the lord of this lower world; for men are far inferior to many of the brute creation in physical strength, and perhaps in the natural suppleness and activity of their limbs. The favorable position of the *ductor pollicis*, the muscle which enables man to bring the extremities of his thumb and forefinger in contact, to which some philosophers have attributed so much of man's superiority over brutes, would never alone have enabled him to subdue the lion and the elephant. And it is this intellectual superiority, combined with patient, resolute, and

persevering labor, that makes one race of men superior to another. Of these two qualities I know not but the latter, in nations as well as in individuals, has the greatest share in working out the fortunes of a people. It was this unyielding perseverance, this unconquerable obstinacy of temper and purpose, which gave the Romans the dominion of the world in a former age. As an intellectual people they were, perhaps, surpassed by the Carthaginians, as they were certainly far below the Greeks, I mean the Ionic branch of the Greek race. But they had a dogged and persevering hardihood in the pursuit of a single object, which has never been witnessed in any other people. It was this, and not any intellectual superiority over their cotemporaries, that gave them the dominion of the world. And there seems to be some probability, that the same national characteristic of the Saxo Norman race, is destined to give them the empire of the world in the coming age.

But to return from this digression. What evidence have we of that native force of intellect, which, with cultivation, would raise the Indian race to a high degree of intellectual civilization? In the first place, it cannot be necessary to show that their natural capacity is fully equal to maturing and practising all the useful arts, which find their employment in agricultural improvement, and the

ordinary mechanic trades. Experience has proved all this. But it will not so readily be conceded that they are equal to those higher intellectual efforts which are necessary to carry the fine arts to a high degree of perfection, and still further to develop the more recondite truths of abstract science. But this is all indispensable to that full civilization which we find in the most distinguished families of the old world.

It is difficult to determine, *a priori*, from the fact that a race of men has made any particular advances in science and the arts, what further discoveries they are capable of making. The Egyptians and Chinese, at an early age of the world, had made great progress in the arts, and high discoveries in science. But having arrived at a certain point, the genius of the race seems to have been exhausted, or become inert. Whether they stopped at this point because their inventive powers had developed themselves to their utmost capabilities, or whether their progress was arrested by political calamities, and their genius crushed by the despotism of their government, may admit of a question. But when we survey the attainments of some families of the red men, when first visited by Europeans, in the useful and ornamental arts, in civil polity, and more especially in abstract science, it is difficult to believe that men who had accomplished

so much, could not, with time and favorable circumstances, accomplish more.

The genius or instinct of the Mexicans had led them to the establishment of a highly artificial system of civil polity,* indicating no inconsiderable progress in the art of government; agriculture was studied and practised with that assiduity and devotion, and held in that high honor, which is one of the most certain indications of an advanced state of civilization; to which, it may be added, that specimens of ingenious manufactures were exhibited, which not only astonished the Spaniards, but which surpassed, in some respects, anything which at that time had been produced in Europe.

We scarcely expect to find among half-civilized nations, the first elements of abstract science. These are the results of continued observation, through a series of generations, or are evolved by patient and severe exercise of the higher intellectual faculties. The more attractive and seducing arts of poetry and eloquence, are cultivated and felt by nations comparatively rude; and in all civilizations, precede the laborious and patient exercise of the mind in science. The magnificent pow-

* The confederation of the Six Nations, too, was one of the most ingenious and remarkable in the history of the human race. Dr. Wilson, an educated Iroquois, of full Indian blood, lately said, "our form of government is analogous to yours, and our confederation older than that of the United States."

ers of Homer had been familiar to the Greeks for five or six centuries, before that highly intellectual people produced the sublime speculations of Plato, and the profound logic of Aristotle. Now at the time of the discovery of America, the civilization of the natives had scarcely arrived at that point where the light of science begins to dawn. There is, however, one mutilated fragment of their scientific attainments, that has excited the admiration of the most learned men of the present age : I mean the astronomy of the Mexicans. Their discoveries in this science, had enabled them to make a highly artificial and most exact division of time, for they had ascertained the precise length of the solar year. The year was divided by them, into twenty months of eighteen days each, having five intercalary days, which were counted by themselves, at the end of the year. This, however, leaves a fraction of a little less than six hours, before the earth completes her revolution ; and the sun is seen at the same point in the ecliptic. In our calendar, this is corrected by adding one day every fourth year to the month of February ; making twenty-five days in one hundred years. The Mexicans corrected their calendar, by adding every fifty-two years, alternately, twelve and thirteen days ; making twenty-five days in a hundred and four years. This is a nearer approximation to the exact length of the

year, than is attained by any calendar now existing among the civilized nations of the world.

A calendar so artificial, and so correct, surpassing all that was then known on the eastern continent, may well excite our special admiration. It implies a degree of knowledge in this sublime science, that could only be attained by a course of observations, through a series of ages, combined with profound mathematical calculations. A fact so extraordinary has driven the philosophers of the present age to the supposition, that the astronomy of the Mexicans was derived, at some remote period, from the eastern continent. This, however, is but a conjecture resting on some general analogies which it bears to the systems of astronomy of the civilized communities of Asia. At the same time it is admitted, that it has peculiarities not easily reconciled with that supposition, and which go far to prove that it was an indigenous and independent science, originally evolved by the red man, at a period long anterior to our acquaintance with the race. If it was a science of native growth, then it is certain that there must have flourished, at some former time, communities on this continent highly civilized, and capable of the most profound investigations of science. But if such nations formerly existed, it may be asked, how could their knowledge in the arts and sciences have been forgotten,

•

and become so nearly extinct? A probable answer may easily be given. It may have been brought about by some great national calamity, as an irruption of northern barbarians, conquering and opposing the more refined and learned nations of the south. In this way, all the learning and wisdom of antiquity in the old world, came very near extinction, by the invasion and conquest of the Roman empire by the Goths, Vandals, and Huns. It was long ago remarked by Machiavel, one of the most profound and acute political writers of Europe, that if the irruptions of the northern barbarians had been a little more violent, or the barbarism, violence and ignorance of the middle ages continued a little longer, all the knowledge of Grecian and Roman civilization and learning would have been utterly obliterated, except what might have been preserved by a faint tradition, or inferred from the crumbling ruins of their architecture and sculpture.

Enough has been said to vindicate the claims of the red men, to something like a moral and intellectual equality with the civilized families of the white races. In truth, the Indian character appears to combine all the elements which, with cultivation, are requisite to raise them to an honorable rank among the refined nations of the world. But the race is nearly extinct. Three centuries of

war of conquest and aggression, have left but a few fragments remaining of the once powerful nations that formerly possessed this continent. In the early period of our history, these wars of extermination may find some apology in the weakness and fears of the first emigrants. But every excuse of this kind has long ceased to exist. The wise and good of our country have long felt it to be so. When our present federal government was first established, all were sensible that the fate of the Indians was sealed ; and the only question presented to the government was, whether these wars of extermination should be continued till the last Indian was struck down, or, by a system of conciliatory and generous conduct on our part, an attempt should be made to reclaim them from their savage mode of life. In this way, and in this only, could a remnant of the race be preserved.

Under the auspices of that wise and good man who first filled the office of chief magistrate of our republic, the latter policy was adopted. The wisdom and humanity of Washington could choose no other. For forty years our government steadily persevered in this humane policy, and we were beginning to see its fruits. So much progress had been made, in reclaiming some of the tribes from their wild habits, and in diffusing among them a taste for the peaceful arts of life, that it was evident that noth-

ing but time was wanting to overcome their love of the excitements of savage life, and replace it by a taste for the quiet enjoyments of civilization. The seed had been sown, and taken root in several tribes. The Cherokees had become, to a considerable extent, an agricultural and manufacturing people. Their higher intellectual faculties were in the course of developement. The genius of one of their number had given them an alphabet; and their spoken, had become a written language. Schools were established, and the nation was receiving the elements of a literary education. They had a newspaper printed in their own language, and edited by a native Cherokee. They were thus rapidly rising to a state that would have given them an honorable place among the civilized families of men. But, at last, a change came over the spirit of our government. Treaty after treaty had guaranteed to them the possession of their lands, and their rights had been solemnly confirmed by law. The faith and honor of the nation were bound, as far as they could be bound, by the most solemn pledges. But the cupidity of the bordering whites, men whom President Monroe described as "the worst Indians that he had seen," too idle to clear a farm for themselves, was awakened by the flourishing fields of the Indians. The strong arm of the government was invoked, and the helpless

Cherokees, with the other tribes among whom the arts of life were beginning to make their appearance, were driven from their cultivated fields, their quiet homes and the graves of their fathers, into a distant land. Nearly two thousand of the Cherokees are said to have perished in this long and painful journey.

It is altogether probable, that in the lands assigned to them beyond the Mississippi, without the jurisdiction of any state, they may be in a position more favorable, than in the country they have left, harassed as they were, and would continue to be, by the local governments. But it is impossible to contemplate the mixture of fraud and violence by which they have been robbed of homes so often guaranteed to them, without deep emotions of indignation and shame. And what security is there, when the tide of emigration has reached the confines of their present settlements, that the same persecutions will not be renewed? Their only dependence is on the good faith of this country. And perhaps the only way in which that can be assured is by directing the attention of the public to their situation, and awakening the moral feelings of the community, to a sense of what is due to them, as well as to the cause of justice and humanity. Let a patent be issued under the seal of the United States, granting not merely a right of occu-

pancy, but a full and absolute title to their lands in fee. They will then hold them under the same guaranty that all others hold lands purchased of the government. Their rights then cannot be shaken, but by an act of open violence, that would endanger the title of every man in the country who held an acre of land which once constituted part of the public domain. This is what the Indians now ask, and which cannot, with any color of justice, be refused. If this is done, we may hope to see these interesting relics of once powerful nations, gradually emerge from their present degradation, and the higher and better qualities of their nature will, by degrees, become unfolded. If this is refused, and the system of persecution is to be revived, which, for the last fifteen years, has harassed and wasted them, but a few generations will pass, before the whole race will be entirely blotted out of existence. It may be, that persons are now living, who will see the end of the world to the race of the red man.

THE PEASANT GIRL.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"I wish I were a great lady."

Oh, would I were a lady!—methinks if I were clad
In silken garments every day I never could be sad;
No peasant's coif should cover then my soft and glossy
curls,
But every tress should find its place 'mid bands of snowy
pearls.

Oh, would I were a lady! I would not sit within
Yon cottage porch the livelong day, so wearily to spin;
A stately coach should bear me with my greyhound at my
feet,
And with a proud but winning smile the gentles I would
greet.

Oh, would I were a lady! to sit beside the board
Where costly dainties deck the feast, and the red wine is
poured;
How would I queen it o'er the guests, while youths of high
degree,
If I but kissed the golden cup, should pledge me on their
knee.

Oh, would I were a lady! to lead the courtly dance,
While many a gallant gentleman was watching for my
glance;
I'd smile on crowds of lovers, and each should play his
part,
Till one by noble deeds had found his way into my heart.

Oh, would I were a lady! they tell me I am fair,
With merry eye and sunny brow, and braids of sunny hair;
But ah! how much more beautiful is beauty when bedight
With silken robe and sparkling gem, like a stately lady
bright!

BROOKLYN, L. I.

TO THE UNSATISFIED.

BY HARRIET WINSLOW.

WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing
 For the far off, unattained and dim,
 While the beautiful all around thee lying,
 Offers up its low, perpetual hymn !

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
 All thy restless yearning it would still ;
 Leaf, and flower, and laden bee are preaching —
 Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
 Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw ;
 If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
 To some little world through weal and woe :

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,
No fond voices answer to thine own :
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that gain the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that win thee world renown,
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear th' immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give ;
Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile the mountain-tops adorning,
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright ?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine,
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier,—all the world is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself, thou lovest,
And their beauty and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the colors of the spirit ;
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings ;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

PORTLAND, MAINE.

THE POETRY OF TRADE,

OR SUNBEAMS FROM CUCUMBERS.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

"How the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon."

Dwma.

THE art of extracting *sunbeams from cucumbers*, which, probably, at no period of the world's history, ever attained to any very great perfection, is supposed to be now utterly lost to mankind. Not so, however, with the *poetry of the counting-house*; which, though melting from our fingers like the ice-cake which New England enterprise floats across the equator to glint back the glories of a tropical sun, may still be detected and analyzed by the skill of the adept.

It is one of the characteristics, I may say disadvantages, of our situation, as a new and peculiar

people, born and living under auspices different from those which affect any other nation—it is one of the most incongruous incidents of our situation, that some of our most important political, as well as moral associations, are borrowed from those, the genius of whose government and social institutions is essentially different from our own; that not only much of our *traditional* prejudices and opinions come from abroad, but our present thinking is manufactured there also. In alluding to a fact so hurtful to that independence of thought which is the strongest muniment of all true and healthful nationality of feeling, I must not be understood as undervaluing that inheritance of glorious literature and wise polity which we drew from England; but we cannot glean even from the golden fields of English literature, without garnering up the weeds as well as the flowers of a stranger clime. Of the many British writers, for instance, whose works supply their daily mental aliment for our growing youth, there are few who, in times past, having derived their support from the patronage of an hereditary aristocracy, have not failed, somewhere upon their pages, to give a sneer to “the upstart enterprise of the unprivileged classes;” while, from the profligate writers of Charles the Second’s time, to the drawing-room authors of our own day, the liberal-minded and adventurous trader has too often figured, in what is called elegant liter-

ature, as the plodding and prosy merchant — the parvenue emperor of the realm, of common-place ! And yet, who will deny that the abundant wealth and refinement, the enhanced resources of art, the brilliant naval achievements, and high consideration of England throughout the world, are mainly attributable to the well-directed industry, and successful, because honorable, traffic of the British merchant ? — in a word, to the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise ?

The antagonist position which commerce has ever held towards despotism, will readily account for the existence of this depreciating spirit in countries where the feudal prejudices against Trade have been transmitted from those times when its followers, in a few scattered towns of Europe, preserved the only remains of constitutional freedom in Christendom ; nor was it, perhaps, unnatural, when the profession of arms was the only path to honor, that *any* of the pursuits of peace, though characterized by a spirit of adventure second only to that which marks the career of the soldier, should escape the shaft of levity amongst a warlike and semi-barbarous people ; — but why, in our day, when the soldier no longer monopolizes the social pre-eminence he once could claim, why the stale sneers at traffic should be cherished, or at least revived, in some of the most delightful works of fiction, it is impossible to conceive.

These heir-looms of prejudice, revamped and varnished by the hand of pretension, are as much out of place as an escutcheon torn from some rude baronial castle, and hung up anew upon the gas-lighted walls of a modern saloon ; or, rather, to seek an image worthy of the paltry taste they betoken, they might be represented by the cobwebs filched from some mouldering tapestry, to fringe the hangings of a fashionable upholsterer. Misplaced and contemptible as they are, however, they are too often the Lilliputian threads which bind down the voyager upon the sea of fancy, and lower his head to accommodate the dwindled stature of those who would thus fetter him.

I know well, therefore, the mean and meagre associations that will be at first suggested in relation to the subject matter of this essay ; and if the term, "Poetry of Trade," do not seem an ironical epithet for the commercial bubbles of the day, yet the common-place details of the sales-room and counting-house will rise at once to view, as if in derision of the hand that would essay to draw the veil of poetry around the hard business concerns of life ;— while the unimaginative mind, that dreams of no ideal beauty save such as is presented to it by the shaping hand of others ; that can see the spirit of romance only where the pen of genius has embodied it in some mystic legend of chivalrous days, listens with

incredulity, if not with scorn, to the claim of the merchant adventurer to rank with the knightly rover of the minstrel's song.

But bear with me a moment, and see if we can detect and analyze "the wayward sprite, twin-born with poetry, 'yclept romance." It is a common thing with those who would undervalue the resources which our new world affords to imaginative literature, to ask, "Where are your stores of poetry and romance to be found, in a country where no time-honored traditions struggle to light through the dim veil of antiquity; where no ivy mantles the towers of by-gone days; no ancient halls resound with echoes that were first waked among the rattling armor, along their fretted vaults, a thousand years ago? Where," say they, "is your storied past, in which to delve?"

Is romance, then, the child of *Time*, only?—the tender nursing of a thousand years? *Must* its infancy have been rocked in some tottering turret, with the winds that wail through cloistered arches for a lullaby? Does it sit mewed up, like a hooded hawk, deep within some gothic pile, where the jesses have long since mouldered upon the skeleton wrist of the falconer? Does it wake alone to the blast of the warder's horn, where the trampling of steeds proclaims some princely *cortège* near? or are its wild sallies to be traced only in carousals with silken

page and hoary seneschal, or midnight mountings for the sudden onslaught, where glimmers the lance of the bold border reiver, and pennons of steel-clad champions flutter above the knightly forray? *These*, it is true, *are* the darling images of the minstrel's song; but, though among the richest adornments of romantic story, they belong no more to its essential spirit than does the tabard of the herald to the stirring deeds it is his task to proclaim.

Romance is the child of Action, not of Time.

It is amid wild deeds of personal adventure — the doing and daring — the undaunted spirit of enterprise, with the strange modifications of human character, the mystic combinations of human motives, the excited and irregular play of human sympathies that attends its perils and its triumphs, in which the soul of romantic story has its life and being; and it is the *power of genius* which wakes the subtle spirit, and makes it walk the earth. *Time* may, indeed, drape the image he would hallow, with a veil as holy as genius herself can weave; but he hath *no* power, like her, to quicken inert properties to life, and awaken the sleeping elements of poetry into fresh and glorious existence. By *her* hand, those elements, fused in the crucible of *mind*, are, with an immortal alchymy, transmitted to things precious and most rare. By *her* power, even the ignoble objects that pass unheeded by the historian

are dignified and exalted ; by her power, the *most* ignoble are often commended to the reflection of the thoughtful, and the active sympathy of the well-doing.

The paltry bickerings of semi-barbarous chieftains become the cherished themes of the enlightened and the refined — the clownish cattle-driver assumes the dignity of a hero ; and even the thieving outlaw escapes from the gallows to receive our commiseration for his crimes, when Scott essays to set the gauntlet of chivalry upon the vulgar hand of avarice ; while the grovelling cares, the dumb miseries, the vague shuffling existence of that trodden class which wanted its poet until Eliot sung, are embraced anew in the general sympathies of the human family, when Dickens throws the grace-giving costus of his genius around the sorrows of the poor.

In a word, the halo which consecrates so many themes to romantic and poetic association, though seeming to radiate from those themes, is imparted chiefly by the crowning hand of genius ; and is often no more in the objects themselves, than are the rays of the uprising sun an elemental part of the mountain-top which he gilds with his glory.

Had Scott, when throwing the wizard spell of his genius around knightly felons and hereditary highwaymen — had he but followed his enterprising countrymen upon other fields of action than his

favorite "border," think you he would have found the adventurous Caledonian, carving out his precarious fortunes amid the perils of every clime, less worthy of his muse than the freebooter whom she ennobles at home? Had the mighty minstrel, instead of painting the youthful Raleigh pouring a courtier's flattery into the ear of Elizabeth, presented him to us as the gallant *merchant-rover* upon unknown seas, and lands where danger dignified the pursuit of wealth, think you the portrait would have been less noble?

Such themes, though less congenial than others to the feudal tastes of that glorious master, are neither new to poetry, nor have they grown out of favor for their triteness. The enterprise of the daring merchant has been immortalized alike in the literature of republican Greece, and in that of our own free land. The trading voyage of the bold Argonaut has lived for three thousand years upon the classic page; and the wild annals of Astoria are enshrined by the biographer of Columbus, where they will be remembered with the "line of his land's language."

But where shall *we* first seek for the romance allied to the pursuit of commerce — the Poetry of Trade? Shall we begin with the bold hunters of the deep, who have its monsters for their quarry? Their daring toils are already immortalized in the

magnificent periods of Burke, and need no farther illustration at our hands. "What in the world," exclaims that eloquent statesman, in a passage which I do not love the less to quote because it is familiar to the reader, "what is equal to the manner in which the people of New England carry on the whale fishery? Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits; whilst we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold; that they are near the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the south! Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of British ambition, is but a stage and resting-place, in the progress of their victorious industry! Nor is the equinoxial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winters of both the poles."

"We know that while some of them draw the line, and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries; no climate but is witness of their toils."

Such was the fame of New Englanders in this perilous mode of industry even in the old colonial

times ; when, in the language of Burke, “they were a *recent* people — still, as it were, in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.” Shall we track them now in other similar paths of enterprise ; or shall we rather, remembering the first toy of our infancy, follow the slight bark of the merchant, glancing among the coral islands of tropical seas ? Shall we study him here, snatching the fragrant sandal-wood from the pyre of the Hindoo widow, or gathering there the spices wherewith the swart savage would embalm the dead, freighting his vessel with them for the civilized living ! Shall we view him with one hand repelling the spear of the piratical Malay, and with the other counting over the pearls which the Ceylon diver has brought from ocean’s depths to adorn the neck of beauty ? Shall we hie with him to the desert, where the Arab scatters his rich bales upon the waste, and spurs his dromedary, to escape that withering harbinger of death, the dark simoon ? Behold, the merchant rover is already beyond our quest ! He has escaped to the frozen north. He has tracked the fir-forests of Norway ; delved into the iron mines of Sweden ; and now, with the trading Muscovite, he bears the spoils to realms beyond the Caucasus !

But these are old and well-worn paths, that have been trod for centuries. Let us follow the merchant

into the new haunts, where last the pen of genius has tracked him. Let us plunge into the mountain defiles and savage forests of our own continent, and sit down with the hardy trader amid the snows of Oregon ; or, unawed by the red Indian, make our summer home with the far ranger of the prairies.

Surely, if there be poetry in the adventures that spring from daring enterprise, by whatever cause projected or set in motion, we have it here ; with all the accessories, too, that painter or sculptor could desire.

Take the first gathering of a Missouri caravan at one of our frontier trading posts, with its picturesque grouping of brown hunters, half-breed trappers, and rifle-frocked *engagés*, bound for the great hunting-grounds of the far west, where the elk and the buffalo crop the rich herbage, and the wild horse roams the flowery waste in all his native freedom ! Behold their barbaric array, when they have left the debatable ground of civilized and savage life, and are advanced some stages upon their perilous journey to the distant mountains !

It is the hour of commencing the day's march. The bustle of breaking up an encampment is over ; and the morning light, which falls in straggling beams among the clump of trees where we have made our last night's bivouac, already shines upon the scouting party, which has pushed out into the open prai-

rie. Our own horses stand ready for mounting, and we obey the last summons to the saddle. The bugle rings out upon the soft air of an Indian summer morning; the mounted riflemen file off slowly, beneath the boughs of the rich autumnal forest; the hunters and trappers spur more eagerly along the flanks, and shoot off into the adjacent savannas—and now we can only mark the gleam of their arms, as their forms are gradually lessened and lost, over the rolling prairie; while the whoop of some straggling loiterer echoes in the forest behind, as, spurring on our track, he emerges from its shadowy glades.

Shall we still move with that morning pageant westward, and follow the day in its picturesque career? Shall we course over the grassy domain, “diversified with scattered groves and forests, and glassy pools reflecting their painted foliage?”

It is evening; and, crossing a dozen reaches of the broad savanna, as we pushed from islet to islet of embowering thickets, we have traversed the expanse from whose bosom to-morrow’s sun will rise behind us. We have once more gained the shelter of the heavy forest; our camp-fires are lighted by some unnamed rivulet, that sings all night to the autumn moon; their red light burnishes the tall trees, and glances from their columnar trunks to the verdurous roof above us; wild forms, in fantastic drapery, are

grouped here and there among them ; the woods resound with merriment, as if a hunt were up ; the friendly whoop of some out-lying trapper rises ever and anon amid the noisy revels of the carousing borderer ; while the cautious beaver trembles in his lodge, as, far remote, he hears the unwonted sounds.

Reader, I will not trespass upon your patience by presenting the counterpart of this scene in the sudden onslaught, the vindictive chase, or murderous ambuscade, which give continued and thrilling interest to a life in the wilderness ; but I *will* ask, who is the enchanter that has conjured up this woodland scene — grouped those figures for the painter's study, and called into being that spirit of romance which courts the poet's pen ? Who — who but the plodding merchant is the magician in whose study the eldritch pageant was devised and put in motion ?

Those strange figures that but now flitted before us, are his familiars ; and millions of such are doing his bidding everywhere. Some are searching the golden sands of Peruvian rivers, or sitting, like figures of bronze, up-watching the gums distil from tropic trees ; some are gathering mosses from the frozen cliffs of Iceland ; some in armed troops, with spear and lance, are surrounding the elephant in the Indian jungle ; and some, in wilds as perilous, beard the grisly bear of Oregon, and rouse the ferocious cougar from his lair.

Little does the fair one reckon, when wrapt in luxurious furs, that keep the winter's wind from visiting her too roughly — little does she think, amid the comforts of her sheltered home, of scenes like these ; and yet the soft cape that wraps her shoulders, or graceful muff with which she so safely dallies, is often the spoil of some wild encounter ; and, after being torn from the bleeding frame of its original owner, has been carried many a weary mile, through ceaseless perils, before the hunter could fling down his pack before the evening fire, and join in a pioneer's precarious banquet.

It would be more curious than profitable to trace these incongruous associations, as they may be shown to belong to a hundred familiar objects, whose daily use seldom reminds us of the toils and dangers through which they are introduced to trade.

Even articles of such trivial value as the common sponge, are not exempt from this condition. The sponge-divers of the *Ægean* are compelled to descend to such a depth to reach this singular production of the sea, that it is necessary to carry a heavy weight with them to the bottom, in order to save their breath by expediting their descent ; and even then, the process of detaching the animal from the rocks to which it clings is so tedious, that three, and sometimes four divers, will descend successively, to procure the larger specimens.

It may interest the fair reader to know that, in the *Ægean Islands*, where the principal occupation is sponge-diving, no young man is permitted to marry till he can descend with facility to a depth of twenty fathoms ; nor, like others, who for lucre tread the pavements of the sea, do storms deter the wooers of these island daughters.

"Bolder than they who dare not dive
For pearls save when the sea 's at rest,
Love, in the tempest most alive,
Hath ever held that pearl the best
He finds beneath the stormiest waters."

There is a favorite staple of our American farmers, which, though once an important article in the grain trade of Europe, yet has never, since it was first brought from the dominions of the Saracen Saladin, attained the consideration which we Americans attach to it—yet how few of us think of the "airs of Palestine" 'mid the balm of a buckwheat-field ; see the shield of the crusader in the griddle of the Yankee housewife ; or remember that the honest slap-jack which smokes on our table from the one, was virtually brought with buckwheat from Judea by the other !

They who traffic in flowers, too, which were once no inconsiderable article of trade in some parts of Europe, are likewise indebted to the crusaders for many valuable plants ; while some of our most

familiar shrubs are associated with deeds of adventure upon land and sea. Marigolds, according to Dodonaius, were brought from Africa, when the warlike Charles V. carried his arms against Tunis; and the Guernsey lily was produced from the bulbs of the plant, cast with the wreck of a Japanese vessel upon the shores of that island.

Sir Walter Scott—among the various and voluminous writings in which he has touched upon so many subjects, and adorned them all—relates some thrilling incidents of the toilsome daring of those who take the sea-fowl from their nests in the cliffs of the northern ocean; and, indeed, the trade in feathers, which gives a livelihood to so many frugal inhabitants of the north, abounds in perils of the most appalling kind. The down which forms the most sumptuous coverlet for the couch of wealth, is furnished by those who often perish, crushed in their light barks amid the floating ice of Hudson's Bay; or who, suspended by a frail rope from some beetling crag, find an equally frightful death upon the jagged rocks of Norway. Yet the peevish invalid, cushioned in luxurious ease, thinks no more of the adventurers who thus minister to his comfort than he does of the wild-drake, who, after breasting the surges of those boisterous seas, contributes from his glossy bosom to soften that complaining pillow.

Such is the peculiar history of many an article of

commerce, with which we habitually connect no other associations than those that spring from their daily use. But I should only trespass upon the reader's patience by extending the enumeration, and it is time to look to the more ambitious triumphs of mercantile enterprise, and survey those grand monuments of commercial success which show like the romantic creations of Arabian fiction beside the tamer products of human energy and power.

Look to the broad realm of fabled Iswara. Behold the modern successors of the far-conquering Iskander! Need I remind the reader of the vast possessions held there by a company of *London merchants*? From a charter of trade, given in the year 1608, to a company of East India traders, has arisen an empire of almost boundless extent, and embracing one hundred millions of subjects! Here are stipendiary princes, who receive yearly from Leaden-Hall five millions of dollars, to maintain their state. Here, too, are feudatory chieftains, acknowledging these merchants for their sovereigns, who bring a combined force of a million of soldiers into the field, to do the bidding of their lieges. And here, amid scenes of antiquity so hoary that Time himself seems in his dotage near them—here, where the altars of a hundred gods insult the skies—commerce has overshadowed them all with her shrine, and claimed her offering from each separate creed.

Alas ! amid all its splendid creations, the Poetry of Trade is here a fearful epic of human misery, upon the most stupendous scale. Let us turn from tortured Asia, to that nation of merchants which first in modern times introduced her exhaustless commerce to western Europe.

"Look to the winged lion's marble pines,
Where VENICE sat in state, throned on her thousand isles."

Behold her, radiant and beautiful as the sea-born goddess, when fresh from ocean foam, the lovely mischief burst ! Behold the proud offspring of commerce rising from the blue Adriatic, and queening it over every sea ! Survey her now, in full panoply of arms, fighting the battles of Christendom against the Turk, or planting the banner of San Marco upon the towers of Byzantium ! and now, with the blandishments of peace, luring around her men of genius from every clime, and concentrating within her walls all that is rare in art, from the farthest limits of the world !

What though now "all silent rows her songless gondolier ;" what though the exhaustless east no longer pours its treasures in her lap, awhile her palaces are crumbling to the shore ; what though "her thirteen hundred years of freedom done, the Austrian tramples where an emperor knelt ;" what though the pageant of her long array of knightly

shadows has passed from earth, melting like the ocean mist upon her shores ; what though the dogeless city sinks "like a seaweed into the waves from whence she rose."

"In youth she was *all glory*, a new Tyre ;
Her very byword sprung from victory !
The Planter of the Lion ! which through fire
And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea.
Though making many slaves, herself still free,
And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite
Witness Troy's rival Candia ! Vouch it, ye
Immortal waves which saw Lepanto's fight,
For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight."

Pass we by Florence, with her merchant princes ; and Genoa, which gave a new world alike to romance and reality. Pass we by the gorgeous but blood-stained annals of Spanish and Portuguese commercial enterprise to another land, like Venice, rescued from the sea. Behold the bold Batavian, now wrestling with the waves, and now, at the call of patriotism, inviting them to engulf his home. See here a community of merchants rising against Spanish tyranny, and battling successfully with the well-appointed armies of the most powerful monarchy of Christendom—the veteran victors of a thousand fights ! Where, on the pages of feudal story do you find more heroic fortitude and daring achievements, more romantic deeds of self-devotion than have immortalized the struggle for liberty in the Netherlands ?

It is true that in later times, when the haughty fleets of England succumbed to Dutch prowess, and Van Tromp swept the British channel with a broom at his mast-head, it is true that the wittings of the trembling court at Whitehall hid their terrors in ridicule, and lampooned their victorious foe as "a nation of traders," as we too have been called in derision by those who themselves owe everything to trade. But the sneer of the courtier can never wither the laurels of the patriot, and the indomitable spirit and romantic valor of the Dutch trader will live in memory while liberty has a name.

It must have been a novel thing, when, pushing their adventurous keels among the islands of Asiatic seas, where the sway of Holland was long after acknowledged, these inhabitants of a less genial clime found themselves wandering amid the balmy airs of Ceylon and Sumatra, among sandal-groves and bowers of spice, where fruits and flowers blushed over every stream ! But not less novel and romantic was the scene when they exchanged their level shores for the rugged steepes and promontories through which the crag-hung Hudson marches to the sea ; when, leaving other Europeans to sit down upon the skirts of the new world, they struck deep amid the mountain fastnesses frowning in savage contrast to the fenny plains of their native land.

The dauntless enterprise of these first pioneers of

New York, who left their own country in the very flush of her military pride and commercial prosperity, to extend in the wilderness an empire so soon to pass away, has never been appreciated by the historian. Unawed by the warlike savages around them, these adventurous and intrepid merchants established their trading posts far in the interior, leaving many a ferocious band between themselves and the shores which first they touched. They left the tide-waters, upon which immigrants, less enterprising, long hovered, and crossing the then savage mountains of Shongum, (or Shawangunk,) pitched their stations in the romantic valleys where their ruins may yet be seen. The walls of solid masonry, the narrow loophole for the harquebuss, the heavy stone built church, half fortalice and half temple of religion—the church-yard, bared of trees that might conceal an approaching enemy—all these may still be seen in some of these soft and meadowy vales, which skirt the base of the Katsbergs. Nor only here, where the pebbled Rondout and willowy Wallkill water the pastoral glades through which they glide toward the Hudson. But they struck the mountain sources of the parent river itself, pierced the lake-studded wilds, where the fierce Mohawk held his sway, and adapting themselves to the novel phase of life amid which they moved, exchanged the lumbering canal-boat of their father-

land for the light canoe of the Indian hunter; launched boldly upon the myriad streams of that land of flowing waters, and explored the wonderful navigation of lake and river, that grand arterial circulation which gives commercial vitality to the NIAGARA STATE.

The name of the association of merchants, once celebrated as the Dutch West India Company, is now hardly remembered. But who that knows the brave and warlike race, the once formidable Iroquois, among whom these traders thrust themselves with such soldier-like confidence, who that can appreciate the perils they braved, the strange and untried scenes upon which they entered, will assert that any knightly rover in heathen lands excelled them in gallant hardihood? albeit, the spirit of trade gave soul to their endeavors. But have they left no trace of their many toils? Have they no annals save on the grotesque page where genius has allowed itself to ridicule their worth? This noble city of New York is their monument! Here, where the descendant of the New England pilgrim has breathed new life into the sturdy soul of the Hollander, and repaid with his active intelligence, upon a new soil, the debt of hospitality which his fathers incurred upon the old—here is the mausoleum of their memory! Here did they first plant the roof-tree, and raise the dwelling of its earliest founders.

Here did they build the free altars of trade to which every nation of the earth now brings its offering. Here amid the glooms of primeval forest did they pronounce the spell which, with a power and rapidity like that of some fabled talisman, has called the fifth city of Christendom into being !

Reader, mine, there hath been a good deal of the Poetry of Trade put into action in this teeming metropolis, to make her what she is, the fair Venice of the Atlantic main ! and easy were it to add innumerable items to the large invoice already here given. But thou art weary, perhaps, of the somewhat inflated periods of this article, forgetful of the high pressure requisite to extract, in their full effulgence, the sunbeams of Poetry from the cucumbers of Trade.

JEALOUSY.

BY E. HELFENSTEIN.

ALAS ! for he who loves too oft may be
Like one who hath a precious treasure sealed,
Whereto another hath obtained the key :
And he, poor soul ! who there his all concealed
Lives blindly on, nor knows that mite by mite
It dwindleth from his grasp ; or if a thought
That something hath been lost his mind affright,
He puts it by as evil fancy wrought.
Yet will there sometimes come a ghostly dread,
From which the soul recoils, and he will sleep —
Aye, sleep, and when he wakes, all, all is fled ;
And we may “garner up” our hearts, and keep
A more than human trust, and yet be left
Despoiled of all — of hope — of faith — of love bereft.

SINNED AGAINST;

OR THE COTTAGE DOOR.

BY E. OAKES SMITH.

" 'Tis affirmed

By poets skilled in Nature's secret ways,
That love will not submit to be controlled
By mastery."

Wordsworth.

"LOVE in a cottage" is the day dream of romantic girlhood, and the cherished theme of poetic song: the dullest eye grows tender as the vision of seclusion and peace floats across the fancy, all believing, as by instinct, that limitedness must insure happiness; that the absence of wealth and excitement must, of necessity, produce tranquillity; forgetting that human emotions are every where the same, and their turbulence or quietude is the result, not of circumstance, but character.

About three miles from the village of Ashburton, Devonshire, England, lived a young miller of the name of George Crosbey, an active vigorous youth, inhabiting a small house upon the side of a hill commanding a prospect of the main road and a long

reach of undulating country. To the left, swept by a bright stream, searching its way amid the hills, and turning the wheels of the mill for the young miller with the same freshness and assiduity it had manifested in the days of his father, and even grandfather before him, from whom it was inherited.

George Crosbey was one of the gayest, most light-hearted youths in the neighborhood, and upon the Sabbath, when he appeared at church with his mother leaning upon his arm, — that mother still in the vigor of life, with clear bright eyes, regarding her handsome son with a mother's pardonable pride, — it was no wonder that many a maiden blushed and looked askance as they approached. George had an air of rustic gallantry, a natural good breeding, and a frank, generous manner, that won admiration upon every side. But Sarah Putney alone fixed the eye of the youth more frequently than any other maiden, as well she might, for no one could regard her with indifference. She was of the medium height, with clear complexion, and soft grey eyes, looking much darker than they actually were, from their fringe of long dark lashes, and the delicate and yet distinct penciling of her brows. Her beauty was that of expression, and gentleness of manner, rather than that kind which attracts ordinary observation, growing, as it were, upon the eye, as, one after another, the graces of her character were unfolded to the mind. In truth Sarah was too

gentle, too trustful, too full of a woman's deep, unsuspecting tenderness, for a "low-born lass," and to this may be attributed all the trials of her lot. It would seem as if the Fates had taken some nursling of fortune,—some sweet, beautiful creature of destiny, whom the winds of heaven were forbidden to visit too rudely, and by some strange perversity, or stranger mistake, had spun for her the thread of lowly poverty, of suffering, and what the world calls crime.

Sarah was an orphan too, and had known much of neglect, much of coldness, and something of severity; so that a harsh word failed, it may be, to move her, unless coming from lips that she loved; but anywhere, by whomsoever uttered, the language of tenderness would cause the tears to gush to her eyes. Acting from the instincts of a beautiful nature rather than from defined motives, poor Sarah often acted unwisely, not from her own indiscretions so much as the evil influences of those who might abuse her confidence. But then the very refinement of her womanly sense made her recoil from those indifferent to her; while, child-like, she never dreamed that one who loved could mean her evil.

George Crosbey had loved Sarah, and for a time it would seem she had returned it, or at least, the little attentions of rustic life which others were disposed to afford were quietly declined, while those

of George, if they did not elicit a bright smile, at least were not repelled, and he gradually began to indulge the hopes of a lover.

Thus much to bring the parties before our readers, and we will to the narrative.

George Crosbey had slept, he knew not how long, but he was well aware of waking twice with a strange impression weighing upon his mind, which he had successfully combatted, and twice disposed himself to slumber; now for the third time the same vision, or dream, presentiment, whatever it might have been, was still more strongly affixed, and he arose from his bed. He looked out. There were the heavy shadows resting between the hills, the trees swaying in the gusts of wind, the stream just perceptible where a faint star gleamed upon its bosom, and the sounds of wind and water added to the solemnity of the midnight contemplation. When did ever lover look out at night upon the dim heavens, without the image of his mistress blending with his thoughts?—George Crosbey thought of Sarah Putney, of her sweetness and loveliness. Suddenly a light broke in upon his vision; thrice had he dreamed that he must go to the cross-road and rescue some one: who was it? why should he be selected? was it not a freak of the fancy merely, thrice suggested, because when first presented to his mind he had allowed it an instant

lodgement? Then like a flash came the conviction, — he could not tell how nor whence, — that it was Sarah he was to rescue.

His thoughts now admitted of no delay ; scarcely could he allow time to array himself ere he was out under the dim heavens on his way to the place designated. He placed himself under an old tree blasted by lightning, but yet massive, and a portion of it vigorous, though upon one side the naked and grey limbs rested in leafless grandeur against the sky. Here he could see in both directions of the main road, and command a prospect of a street or lane that communicated with the neighboring farms. He waited here nearly an hour, and several times had been on the point of abandoning his post, half ashamed of his own credulity, when, giving one last look down the lane, he beheld the flutter of a light garment in the uncertain light. Concealing himself behind the bole of the tree, he watched the approach of the object. His heart beat tumultuously, as he recognized the well-known air of Sarah Putney. Her step was less light than ordinary, and she turned her head from side to side, as if suffering from terror at the loneliness of the night, or looking for some person. One hand was holding a shawl closely to her bosom, and the other grasped a small bundle. Approaching the tree she stopped, sent a searching glance in every direction, and the

wind blowing the curls across her face, she put down the bundle and took off her bonnet to adjust them. As she did so George perceived that her face was deadly pale, her hands wasted and colorless, and he heard a sigh, almost a groan, escape her lips. He could refrain no longer.

"Dear, dear Sarah, why are you here at such an hour?"

The girl started and would have fled; but he gently detained her. She even attempted to smile, but it was so wan and piteous, that the young man was glad to see it displaced by the tears that sprung to her eyes. He helped her to tie her hat, and then put her arm in his to lead her away; for he thought, "surely something hath turned the brain of the poor girl," so weak and bewildered did she appear.

Sarah started wildly from him: "no, no, George; I cannot go with you; leave me,—do leave me, or I shall be too late!"

"Where will you go, Sarah, and why will you be too late? I cannot leave you, unless you tell me all," he added firmly.

Sarah cast a wild glance around, drew in her breath as if with a sense of suffocation, and attempted to withdraw her hand.

"O, George Crosbey! I beseech you, if you have any pity on me, that you let me go. Do not; it is my last and only hope in life! I have prom-

ised to meet Frederic Howard at the next turnstyle, to night ; and I must go ! ”

The young man firmly, but still gently, detained her. “ Frederic Howard ! Sarah, you know not what you do ; I cannot, will not suffer you to go there alone. If you go, I go with you.” Then, observing she seemed to hesitate, he urged her to return with him to his mother’s house, while he should go and bring the young man back with him.

We have before said that Sarah was gentle as a little child, and she now looked anxiously in the face of the youth, the tears in her eyes, and then turned to the cottage.

A few words sufficed to explain the matter to Mrs. Crosbey, and George was on his way to the turnstyle to encounter Frederic Howard.

CHAPTER II.

“ Woe be to thee, Linlyon,
An ill death may thou dee ;
Thou might hae ta’en anither woman,
And let my lady be.”

Old Ballad.

Frederic Howard was the younger son of a distinguished family in the neighborhood,—a youth notorious for his reckless and dissolute habits,—and George Crosbey shuddered to find the destiny of Sarah thus linked to his. Strange rumors had

been current of late respecting the girl ; but the honest yeoman had closed his ears, with that strange perversity that makes us refuse to receive unwelcome truths. He remembered now her pale cheek and melancholy air ; and suspicion once afloat, a thousand circumstances crowded in to swell the list. These thoughts passed hurriedly through his mind, and the agony they produced added to the speed of his movements. Arrived at the place in question, no one was there ; but in a corner of the field, at some little distance, he perceived the faint glimmer of a light. Bending his steps thither, he paused long enough to mark the employment of the individual, and then hurried forward. Suddenly a man sprang up from a pit in which he was digging, and advanced a few paces ; then perceiving it not to be the object he had expected, he threw aside the tools with which he had been digging, and fled. George Crosbey pursued ; but he was no match for the nimble youth, impelled by guilt and terror ; and perceiving the case to be hopeless, he bent his steps homeward.

• The young man moved with a bewildered sense of misery preying upon him, — a feeling that some horrible tragedy had been averted ; but what, he could not as yet define to himself, for his thoughts were wild and confused ; and he walked mechanically onward, with his hand pressed upon his brow

in the manner of one who has been put in motion by some disordered dream, or the mysterious agency of mesmerism.

Arrived at the house, Sarah met him at the door, and perceiving him to be alone, she rushed forward and seized both hands in hers, looking into his face in mute agony. George led her in without speaking, closed the door, and with a fearful calmness approached the light;—and then, as if speech and comprehension had been simultaneously imparted, he grasped her hands wildly, almost shrieking forth, “Sarah Putney, I found Frederic Howard digging your grave,—your grave, Sarah!—a grave to hide your shame, and to sink him to h—!” The last word he hissed forth between his clenched teeth, and the strong man fell prostrate to the earth.

It was many weeks ere George Crosbey awoke to consciousness. A violent fever, the result of that night’s fearful excitement had brought him to the very verge of the tomb. How changed was he from the gay, vigorous youth, in all the pride of manhood. Now, he lay with the docility of a little child; the rich curls matted upon his brow, and the features sunk and colorless. The mother, too, was pale with watching; and it would seem that the trials of a few weeks, had added the weight of many years to her person.

But there was still another, half shrinking from observation, who yet blessed God that, for that mother's sake, his life was spared. George looked around, and perceiving the poor girl, where she stood apart, he motioned her forward. Sarah's wan cheek assumed the color of crimson, as she moved forward and laid her trembling hand in that of the youth. Both were silent for a moment, and then George spake.

"I have had fearful dreams, — fearful ! they are not yet all gone ; Sarah, I have much to say ; painful it will be to both of us ; but time will brook no delay ; will you become my wife, Sarah ?"

"Your wife !" almost shrieked the poor girl, falling upon her knees beside the bed ; "O God ! George, I wish I were in my grave — in the grave that Frederic Howard was digging for me. Oh ! I would have opened my breast to the dagger, would he but have kissed me while he took my life. Your wife ! — I am another's, heart and soul !" and then her voice was lost in sobs as she uttered, "George, I am unworthy to sit at your feet ; I only ask for death."

George's pale lip quivered, but he remained firm.

"Sarah, you are friendless, poor ; you will be sent to the work-house ; debasement, labor, shame, everything await you."

The girl shuddered and clasped her hands upon

her bosom, as if to hold down its wild throbbing, while she bowed her head till its thick curls entirely hid her face; but she spoke not, and the youth went on.

“Your story is as yet unknown; I will conceal all. As my wife only, can I preserve you: will you consent, Sarah?”

The rich voice of the youth, low and tremulous from debility, thrilled the nerves of the poor girl, and she kissed his pale hand reverently.

“Say no more, George; my soul recoils at the thought; I could never lift my eyes to your face. Let me be your servant, George; I would lay down my life to serve you; but Oh! name not that. Name it not, I beseech you!” and she arose from her knees with more of resolution in her manner than ordinarily belonged to her.

George detained her. “Sarah, I say you must be mine!” and his strong passions rising even above his weakness, he raised himself in bed, and grasped her hand, as she was about to leave him.

“Sarah, refuse me not! I am not wooing now; I am resolved. You shall be mine, Sarah! I cannot see you the mark of scorn and contempt; I cannot see you debased by labor and insult;—I should go mad! You *shall* be my wife! But, Sarah, you shall live as my sister; God forbid, I should take you to my bosom!” and he sank pale and exhausted upon the pillow.

Sarah became ashy pale, and she stood with her large blue eyes riveted to his face, as if transfixed by some powerful spell. More than once she essayed to speak, but the lips refused utterance. At length she murmured, "O God! I sought it not;" and she bowed her head upon his feet.

Mrs. Crosbey had witnessed a part of this extraordinary scene; and she now came forward and looked in her son's face with an anxious, scrutinizing gaze, impressed with the belief that the fever had left him insane.

"I am not mad, dear mother; and all I have said must be done. Send for a priest, and she shall be mine now!"

Mrs. Crosbey shook her head doubtfully.

"I will not be opposed in this thing," persisted her son; let it be done now; if I live, I can protect her; if I die, she shall bear my name!" and a laugh burst from his lips, so hollow and wild, that both of the women started, expecting to encounter a maniac. Whatever it was, the strong-willed man instantly assumed the mastery; and he gave further orders with perfect composure. Mrs. Crosbey had long since learned to rely upon her son, and rarely, if ever, opposed a will that could not brook control; she only said, "well, I wash my hands of his blood; for evil must come of it."

For many weeks Sarah seemed even more than

ever, shy of approaching George ; she was sedulous as ever to promote his comfort ; but she moved about with a listless, heavy step, as one in whom hope is dead, and life a weariness. She never raised her eyes to his face, and their long lashes almost lay upon the cheeks, and the veins of the lids were red and distended, showing that tears often swelled beneath them. Her voice became even more touchingly low and musical ; but it had a sad cadence that went to the heart. Smiles were unknown in the little dwelling, and George Crosby, the rustic beau, the gay, light-laughing youth, arose from that bed of sickness, stern and taciturn ; and living because life was entailed upon him, rather than because it was desirable. He called Sarah by her christian name, and his voice was always gentle when he addressed her. Often would it call the tears to her eyes, and she would go out and weep bitterly. But time, if it does not cure, is always sure to soften evils ; and gradually the pressure was relieved ; and gradually Sarah looked less wretched and George less severe. But the tornado had swept over both, and neither could ever be what they had once been.

Year by year, too, the neighbors perceived that all was not right in the little dwelling : old stories were revived, and surmises started ; and George felt that a mystery hung about them ; and his

fierce passions sometimes became almost excited to phrenzy.

Sarah, always gentle and submissive, always irresolute, felt the evil, but was too timid to suggest a remedy.

One day, little William returned from the village school weeping and angry, and repeated an expression uttered by one of his playmates, and then added, "mother, open your eyes wide, and let me see if they are blue."

Sarah covered her face with both hands, and the tears escaped between her fingers, while the child wept and caressed her by turns. Hearing a sigh, almost a groan beside her, she turned to behold George, pale and agitated, for he had heard the words of the boy. She started up and shook off the child with unwonted severity, and laying her hand upon the man's arm, said, "let me speak to you now,—now, George, while I have the heart to do so."

She led him to an inner room, and there, falling upon her knees, she bathed his hands with tears, long, long before she could obtain utterance.

"Let me leave you, George Crosbey; send me and my child away into the wilderness, like Hagar, to die there! Send me away, I beseech you. Why should I be here, to bring sorrow to your household? O George, George! I can be no wife of

yours ; put me away ; and may the Almighty send you one, to love you as you ought to be loved ! Let me go to America ; anywhere, that I may cease to make you miserable ! ”

“ Yes, Sarah ; we will all go there ; I feel that we must. But talk not to me of love to another ; I can love only you, Sarah !

“ Me ! love me ! ” cried the poor girl, rising to her feet ; “ you do not, cannot mean it ; — Oh, say it not again ! ”

“ Yes, Sarah ; only you ; and you do not recoil from me ; you are learning to love me now ; and we may yet be not utterly miserable ; ” and, for the first time, he folded her to his bosom and impressed a kiss upon her forehead. Sarah wept : and that night, she found herself asking, if it could be possible that anything like happiness could come to her ; — if she could cease to think of Frederic Howard, — the cruel, guilty youth ; him whom she had striven to forget, and lay her head upon the breast of another. And she fell asleep, with more of content at her heart than she had known for years.

CHAPTER III.

"The world that I had known went by
As a vain shadow.—On my eye
There rose a new and dreamful one.
'T was like the cloudy realms which lie,
Shadowy and brief, on autumn's sky."

Whittier.

When we are in the endurance of strong emotion, we are apt to think that we can never cease to feel other than we now do ; that time must deepen, rather than soften our griefs ; and such is sometimes the case. There are feelings that pass over certain natures, like the blasting sirocco, to make desolate and barren forever ; but the same things, less intense, as they will be, in less powerful natures, pass by, withering, it may be, for awhile ; but the imperceptible soothings that time is sure to bring, gradually fill the waste place, and if the same buds blossom not again, another creation appears, to rival them in beauty. With the latter class, love partakes more of the nature of a gentle attachment ; while in the former, it is that of an intense passion.

So it was with Sarah ; she now, day by day, gathered the affections of her heart together, where they had been dormant, or crushed, and a blush flitted upon her cheek when she heard the voice of

her husband ; and health gave new sweetness to the smile that returned to her lips. Love, with her, was no spontaneous action, developed and nourished by itself ; but a tender emotion, called into life at the soliciting of another.

She had loved Frederic Howard with an intensity that called into exercise all her powers of feeling ; and now that years had passed away, and no tidings ever reached her of what might have been his destiny, she, who strove to forget, found that time gradually stole him from her memory.

He, steeped as he had been in crime, who had caused her to weep almost tears of blood, and who, in the silence of night, was digging her own grave, even while she, in the confidingness of her young heart, had come out at that still hour to join her fate to his, how long and tenderly had he been loved ; even while she shuddered, as trait after trait of turpitude came back to her mind ; and yet, even then, beloved, while she uttered the prayer of forgiveness, and besought the mercy of God on his behalf.

We must pass over the details of a removal ; the reader can imagine all those circumstances of interest that impart a pathos to the dismembering of the humblest household from father-land. Years passed away, and George Crosbey had taken possession of his new dwelling. Still the world did not prosper

with him. He was a man of intense passions, and every obstacle served but to impart a greater hardness to his iron will. Ordinary impediments he spurned from him with contempt ; but the grinding pressure of poverty, that now assailed him, produced a dogged and moody resolution that repelled sympathy, and created fear in the minds of those who encountered him. Sarah, whose confidence had been so early abused, had learned to regard him with something akin to fear, from the time he had compelled her to become his wife, and now studied his comfort and obeyed his will ; but there her ministry was at an end.

George Crosbey felt that his deep, intense devotion was but half returned, notwithstanding that for years he had sought to win her love with the assiduity of a lover ; and that, too, for years, while she sat at his board, and was called by his own name. And now that she slept in his bosom, with his child breathing beside her, he felt that her passive gentleness was a poor return for his overpowering all-absorbing love. No wonder that George Crosbey became a moody man ; and the high and noble spirit, that under other auspices might have commanded respect, was turned to bitterness within him. He felt he had carved his own destiny ; and yet, at times, the thought would come, "had Sarah but been true to herself, all might have been well."

Weak, cowardly thought ! Love may not be summoned at the will ; it cometh even like the spirit, we cannot say whence. His was the higher and the stronger nature ; and his own magnanimity, mistaken as it was, had filled his cup with gall.

We must pass over a period of ten years, during which the little household had encountered many changes, and the characteristics of its inmates had become permanently developed. George's athletic frame had assumed an appearance of firmness and hardihood, and the rich dark hair, prematurely sprinkled with grey, had lost none of that luxuriance or crispness of curl, that gave so much manliness to his fine open brow. But upon that rested a fixed contraction which imparted thereto an austerity foreign to its original character. A smile rarely played upon his face, except when he encountered that of his child, and then it was full of tenderness ; for George Crosbey expended his whole soul, as it were, in this intense parental devotion. Sarah, too, remarked that William, whom he had hitherto regarded with gentle tolerance only, began to affect him with uneasiness. He would sit long, regarding the child with a fixed, melancholy aspect, and then suddenly leave the apartment, as if his thoughts were too painful for endurance.

As for herself, always timid, and always shrinking with the consciousness of the past, she dared

not question him ; and her imagination lent the worst coloring to her fears. No wonder, that the mother wept tears of bitterness, and knelt in the agony of her heart beside the couch of her lone child, and by stealth pressed him to her heart, in the very agony of maternal love. She would have taken the child by the hand, and have gone forth, she knew not, cared not, whither ; but now, new ties bound her. If the kiss she gave her babe, were less impassioned than that which met the lips of William, it was no sin of hers. A passive wife, and desponding mother, with a conscience morbidly alive, can we wonder that tears weighed her eyelids, and prayers murmured often upon her lips. Too gentle for reproach, all the misfortunes that were heaped upon the family, she learned to regard as springing from herself, and felt herself to be a curse rather than a blessing. Yet, so imperceptibly did these emotions operate upon her, with few bursts of intenser feeling, that time had failed to lay a finger upon her face. She kept still, the soft, girlish expression, and the tranquil demeanor, that might have been the model for a Madonna. Her light figure, so tender in its every motion, had a liteness and grace, that the sadness of a pure heart only, can impart.

The boy William had learned, from the instinct of childhood, never to expect tenderness from

George. The same teacher had also led him to refrain from expressions of fondness to his mother, while in that presence. The child felt that there was an atmosphere of dread about him ; and often would he sit and gaze tearfully at his mother's sweet face, and then, as if unable longer to practice self control, he would fling his arms about her neck and weep. At such times, both were silent, except the groans and prayers wrung from the heart of the mother.

He was now a proud, handsome boy, stout and vigorous beyond his years ; and the care of Sarah taught him to read and write with ease. All the books to be found in a scattered neighborhood were at his service ; so that William was regarded very nearly as a prodigy, in those days of patient and slow, but sure learning.

Sarah watched the expression of her husband's face, day by day, with a painful scrutiny. It is more than probable, that her love for the boy, magnified every appearance of austerity on the part of her husband ; and what was simply abstraction, or painful reminiscence, she construed into impending evil. She grew to feel that the presence of William was annoying to him, and that, now his own child smiled in his face, the boy's became a stain beside it. She watched him in his slumber, and at all times, by the board and the wayside, to see if there lurked anything of that expression she remembered,

so fearfully distinct, at that time he compelled her to take the vows of marriage upon her. Either fancy or truth more than once revealed it, and she dared not abide the peril. Timid as she was, terror for her child, for whom she nurtured an intense fondness, gave her resolution.

CHAPTER IV.

"One night, when all were weary and at rest,
A dying lamp winked in the hearth, that cast
And snatched the shadows. Something stood before me
In white."

Hillhouse.

George Crosbey had built his house upon a rich tract of alluvial soil, near the mouth of the river Presumpscot, about four miles from the now flourishing city of Portland. Here he was under the scrutiny of few neighbors, and the sea, and river, and woods afforded him an abundance of fish and game, while the luxuriant soil yielded a luxuriant harvest. Yet, prosperity rarely visits a household in which lurketh an abiding sense of discomfort. Fortune chooses her proteges amongst the cheerful hearted, thereby enhancing their pleasures, while the sad one is left to gather the crumbs she scattereth beneath the table. Either the fates are froward, or the weight of despondency takes away the energy requisite to grasp the goods of this world.

So it was with the Crosbys. They were diligent and frugal, yet their exertions barely kept poverty from the door. Old Mrs. Crosbey, whose disaffection at her son's marriage, gradually settled into the belief that it was his doom, became listless and inactive, always meeting every disaster with the vexatious, "I told you so; I knew it from the beginning!" and, still, she was tidy and exacting, and helped to keep the household in perfect order. By one of those strange caprices, incident to humanity, she loved William just in proportion as her son disregarded him. But she could not always control her disaffection, and the poor child more than half gathered his history from her lips. Strange as it may seem, his proud demeanor every day grew upon him, and he failed not to return the coldness of his foster parent; but while he did so, he was scrupulously respectful and obedient. His mother became doubly dear to him, and her slightest look became as a law. He watched her gentle smile, and tried to win it to her face by a thousand tender means. Upon little Sarah, too, he lavished the fondest affection.

George Crosbey had taken net and line in his small boat, and telling his family he should not return until the next day, took his way to the shoals between the many islands of Casco Bay. And here we must say a word respecting these islands. Indeed, Casco Bay

is an archipelago, studded with nearly four hundred islands, of various forms and sizes. Many of these are covered with luxurious vegetation down to the water's brink ; others are bold and precipitous, presenting frowning headlands to the ocean, their granite cliffs fleckered with moss. Long and dangerous reefs extend from many, where the breakers roar in perpetual tumult. Months might be passed in their many coves and recesses, and yet their beauty remain unexhausted. It was one of those nights of light and glory to be witnessed only in a high latitude, where the air, having affectionately thrown off the storms, and all the array of mist and cold, revels in the clear atmosphere of June. The blue expanded into immensity, as if all were so rare, so transparent in its depth, that the stars were no longer fixed, like set gems, but receded even in dim perspective. The moon poured down a flood of light, careering upon the water, which seemed enamored with its rays.

We will not follow the solitary man in his labor, nor dwell upon these lonely thoughts that made the uses of life lone and oppressive, while their very exercise served in some degree to preserve the mind's balance. There was one ray of undimmed sunshine in his soul, and that came from the face of his own fair infant. Yet ever beside that ray of gladness, were gathering deep shadows ; beside the one love,

and hope, and blessedness, and even engendered, as it were, from their presence, were dark and vindictive passions slowly accumulating, that often started the unhappy man from some painful reverie, as if he were holding communion with a very demon. Leave him now to his labor.

After the departure of her husband, Sarah remained for nearly an hour, with her eyes fixed upon the floor of the apartment, lost in recollections. In that space of time she lived again the days of her childhood, with its bereavements, its neglects, and its harsh labors; girlhood, with its dangerous adulation and its wild dream of bewildering and fatal love; and then came that compelled marriage with a being designed to be all that is manly and worthy of love; but now warped to wrong, and, as she believed, by her own intervention;—she thought of all this till she could hear the heavy beat of her own weary heart, and the tick of the watch over the mantel sounded like a knell heard at midnight. Thought became too painful for endurance, and she arose and paced the small room with a slow, dragging footstep. She moved in this way for nearly an hour more, apparently unconscious she did so, and, with a fearful paleness upon her cheek, showing the struggle within. At length her eyes accidentally fell upon the face of the watch, and she appeared to note the lateness of the hour. Mechanically she opened

the door to the little apartment of her son. She knelt down by the bedside, and looked into his face. The boy lay with one arm thrown over his head, the face turned from her, leaving two-thirds of the same with its beautiful profile visible in the bright moon-shine. Even then the mother gazed with delight upon those handsome features, that restored to her so vividly the memory of him whose name was forever sealed upon her lips. And she put back lightly the curls from the fair brow, not to awaken the sleeper. But then came the consciousness of the stern purpose she had in view, and she clasped her hands and attempted prayer; but only stifled sobs came to her lips, while her temples throbbed almost to bursting.

William turned in his sleep and murmured, "Mother." At that word a softening influence, as if a kindly dew had fallen upon her heart, caused the tears to gush to her eyes, and she wept convulsively. The relief was genial, for now the mother found that utterance in prayer which she had before sought in vain. As she bowed her head, a scalding tear fell upon the face of the boy, and he started wildly up, crying, "Mother, dear mother, what is the matter? what has happened?"

She bade him dress himself and come to her, and now she was perfectly calm. In a few moments William appeared in the larger room. She was

seated near the window, and the moon gave her spiritual beauty an appearance almost unearthly. William instinctively knelt down and put his head in her lap, taking her cold hands in his.

"Oh, dear mother, how sad you look!" he sobbed. Sarah had nerved herself for the trial, and she now spoke in a low but firm voice.

"William, I have your clothing all prepared, and I must now send you away from me. You must be calm, William, or my heart will break. I have strange fears, I dare not tell you what; but you can stay with George Crosbey no longer."

"Mother," said William, looking fixedly up, "tell me, is he my father?"

Sarah's face became crimson as she encountered the earnest gaze of her child; and then she turned to an ashy paleness; her lip trembled; there was one brief moment when it would seem as she would sink upon her knees; but she did not. "He is not your father, William. My child, my own beloved child, do not curse me!" and she clasped her arms convulsively about him. William could only weep. At length the mother raised herself up; she took a small bundle from the table and put it into the hands of the boy; she drew him to the door, then straining him to her heart once more, she pressed one long kiss upon his cheek, and opening the door, put him forth and closed it after him.

She then staggered to the little deserted room of her child, and threw herself upon the bed yet warm from his pressure. How long she lay there it is needless to tell. There was a light step, and William threw himself upon her bosom.

"Say God bless you, my dear, dear mother ; and then never fear for me ; I am stout and strong, and shall yet be a comfort to you."

"God in his mercy bless you, my boy," cried the agonized mother, lifting both hands in supplication. When she would have again clasped him to her heart, he was gone.

She started wildly from the bed, and would have followed him ; but a giddiness, a wild heat of the brain seized her, and she sank upon the floor. Blessed insensibility, that thus sealed up for one brief period a mother's agony.

Sarah had, in the highest degree, that attribute of womanhood—endurance. Now that the work was done, now that she had sent the boy away, as she solemnly believed, to preserve her husband from the temptation to crime, she could feel more of assurance than she had known for many months. After the first night of intense agony, in which reason had nearly abandoned her throne, she arose pale but collected ; yet with a mother's beautiful forethought, she dared not put her babe to her breast, and let it quaff the sustenance made turbid

by that night of anguish. Now that William was removed from her, she felt a new gush of tenderness for her babe.

It was late in the day when George Crosbey returned home. Obeying the first warm impulse, he hung caressingly over his child, till he noted his mother in tears; and then a glance at the white face of his wife, told him that something painful had occurred. He looked hurriedly round the room, and asked for William.

"You may well ask," said Mrs. Crosbey. "To think of his own mother's turning him out of doors at dark midnight! George Crosbey, I told you no good would come of it, the day you married her; and now —"

George Crosbey stamped fiercely upon the floor; for the reproaches of his mother sometimes wrought him well nigh to phrenzy. He grasped the arm of his wife and turned deadly pale.

"Sarah, for God's sake, tell me what you have done."

The poor wife quailed before him, for there was that never-to-be-forgotten look.

"I have sent him away, George, and the Almighty will protect him."

"Why; tell me why, Sarah."

She hesitated; and the timid woman now met his face, with a look calm and determined; she had only for herself to fear; and what was life to her!

"George, I sent him away, because he had become a rock of offence to you ; I trembled for you both."

A look of something bordering upon contempt passed over the man's face, which was instantly superseded by one of extreme suffering ; "O God !" he exclaimed, "how little is the heart understood by thy creatures ! Poor, desolate child, alone, and at midnight ! Sarah, I would have laid down my life for the child. You thought murder was in my heart ; and so it is. It is goading me to fury ; but not for that poor innocent child. But, Sarah Putney —" the wife started, for he had never before addressed her in this wise — "Sarah Putney, whenever the face of my child looks into my own, it seems to demand vengeance upon him who gave gall to the milk of its mother. Should Frederic Howard cross my track on this earth, his life is the forfeit."

CHAPTER V.

"He roamed an Arab on life's desert waste —
Its waters fleeing when they seemed most near —
Love's phantom leaving, when long vainly chased,
No aim to animate, no hope to cheer."

Hoffman.

William was a boy of quick perceptions, and he had for a long time been aware that his mother

anticipated evil of some kind, as connected with himself; although she had studiously avoided defining its nature. But then, the child felt himself in some way a burden to George Crosbey, and he had more than once proposed leaving him, and seeking the adventurous life of a sailor, a life always in reserve for the enterprising, and which the boy, upon the sea coast, paints in all imaginable colors of delight. There the child is sure to hear wild and marvellous tales of the sea; and as he stands upon the shore, tossing pebbles into the element, he regards it as intimately connected with his own fate.

Maine has long been the great nursery of sailors; its grand expanse of sea-board, its cold climate, designated by the early explorers as the "extreme of many extremities," and its thin soil, affording a vigorous but scanty vegetation, all combining to foster a hardy and enterprising race, who start instinctively upon a career of peril, and after "bat-tling the watch" at sea for any number of years, eventually settle down in some quiet nook, with a farm by the sea-shore, where may be heard the ocean roar, and a light boat be in ready requisition.

These sailor-domains may be everywhere encountered in the State; and hospitable, generous-hearted, frank, and open-handed men are their owners. It is delightful to listen to their tales of adventure, and share the comforts of their well-appointed

households ; for the sailor is sure to carry to his farm, a portion of the discipline observed on ship-board.

When the long winter evenings set in, and the storm is high without, the father tells old yarns of his early life, living over again his perils, and borrowing excitement in his seclusion, from the remembrances of by-gone days. His boys listen open-mouthed, and imbibe a love and longing to do the like. After the recital, the sailor will sit awhile in silent thought, and the final exclamation of " well, a sailor's is a dog's life after all," betrays the current of his thoughts, that still cling to the sea, and are yet but half reconciled to moorings.

William had listened to the experience of many a tar, weather-beaten and retired from the sea, and had long inwardly determined upon his course of life. Indeed, Sarah had more than once talked with him on the subject, notwithstanding her natural timidity made her recoil at the idea of the dangers of such a life. This, however, seemed the only feasible resource, and she brought her mind to contemplate it calmly.

When, therefore, the boy found the crisis had arrived, he was not so much shocked as might at first be supposed. He had, even of late, more than once contemplated a clandestine departure ; but the sad, pale face of his mother shook his resolution, and made him defer the final step. Then, too, his pro-

tector, though cold and reserved in his treatment, had been uniformly kind, and William regarded him with a child's repugnance, and a child's gratitude likewise.

Upon receiving his mother's benediction, the boy fled from the house, running, rather than walking, for nearly a mile, in the direction of Portland. At length he slackened his pace, and the lesser action of the physical, left free scope for the spiritual. Thought, deep and painful, pressed upon his brain, and the poor child began to question, wildly, why he had been created ; why a creature, dear to but a single heart, and that one weighed down by sorrow, should be sent into this breathing world.

He had reached a heavy wooden bridge, thrown over the Presumpscot, and he leaned over and looked down into the water flowing beneath, with the tears gushing from his eyes. He sat down upon a projecting timber, and buried his face in his hands, with a feeling of loneliness he could not surmount. A light step caused him to lift up his head, and his dog, Carlo, jumped upon his knee.

The boy's heart leapt at the kindly companionship, and he returned the caresses of the animal, till the creature seemed wild with delight ; lapping his cheeks and hands, and then scouring off, in broad circles, only to return and repeat the caresses. That grief must be great indeed to the heart of a

boy that the affectionate gambols of his dog cannot mitigate, and William arose with a lighter heart and even found himself whistling on his way.

He checked himself more than once ; but again the lips were making the sound so habitual to boyhood, and he found, every moment, his heart grew strong and resolute, and he already moved with a prouder air, as if bidding defiance to the worst that fate could inflict. He patted Carlo, and even ran races with him, and then slackened his pace again, as the image of his mother arose to his view.

"I will make her happy yet," he said to himself, but the train of thought grew oppressive, and he stopped and looked off in the direction of the sea, and heard the long, heavy boom of the vast element, where its continuous roar rendered solemn the dim silence of night.

He glanced behind him,—a thick wood skirted the road, dense and gloomy, from whence the quivering cry of the screech-owl, and the bark of the fox, aided in melancholy association. He looked up at the moon, and the pale stars, and all that he beheld weighed him with a sense of solitude. Then he knelt down, and the poor boy, in that lone, silent hour, found relief in tears and prayer.

The road he had been travelling crossed the brow of a hill, of considerable elevation, flanked, as we have before said, by a thick grove of trees upon one

side, while a rude wall of stone lined the other, from whence the ground declined rapidly to the sea shore. From this elevation the spires of Portland, about a mile distant, were visible in the moonlight, and the toll of the clocks, as they struck the hour of two, came in measured strokes to the ear.

William found himself weary and oppressed with drowsiness, and he passed an aperture in the wall and lay down upon the grass the other side, not as he thought to sleep, but to rest, and think of his mother, and plan what he should next do. He was stout of heart, full of the boy's daring and the boy's hope, and he thought and felt it would be a rough fate indeed that he could not master. He put his head upon the bundle he carried, threw one arm over Carlo, and lay looking at the moon, and resolving a thousand boyish plans.

How long he lay in this position he knew not, for he was aroused by the furious barking of the dog, and he saw by the moon he must have slept.

Carlo soon ceased to bark, and William, looking out from the wall, perceived him caressing an old man in the neighborhood, harmless, but eccentric, and supposed to be possessed of wealth, which, report said, he carried in a belt about his person. He did not move from his concealment, being well aware that the old man would ply him with questions it were too painful to answer.

"How came you here, Carlo?" said the aged man; "and why do you go so far from William? Are you a night-walker too, Carlo, like old Hastings?"

His voice ceased—for a heavy blow aimed upon the head, by a person in the rear, felled him to the earth. William had remarked the assassin approach, armed with a blacksmith's hammer, and now terror chained him to the spot, and he watched the operations of the murderer with breathless scrutiny.

The old man neither spoke nor moved, and the assailant carelessly dragged him to the side of the road, and commenced examining his pockets, and searching for the belt. William saw him cut a leathern girdle from the body, and then proceed to drag it into the woods, by the roadside.

Shortly after, he proceeded in the direction of the city. Carlo, at the first alarm, had fled howling down the hill, and apparently the murderer took no thought of him. Now he returned to the spot, and instantly followed the scent into the woods, and then came to the feet of his young master, and looked up into his face, as if to question what was next to be done.

The morning by this time began to dawn, birds were on the wing, and from the hill, where the boy stood, he could see the shipping in the harbor begin to shake out their sails for departure, while, occasion

ally, the smoke from some of the farm-houses began to ascend in the warm air.

William arose to his feet and pursued his way, for he could not bring himself to look upon the gray hairs of the poor old man ; and the beauty of the morning, opening so fresh and joyous, oppressed him, as contrasted with the terrible tragedy he had just witnessed.

Oh ! there are times when Nature, genial as she is to the heart at rest, weigheth us down with a double sense of solitude—when her continuous and silent operations, ever elaborating the beautiful or the majestic, irrespective as they are of us, oppress us with a painful conviction, that we solve the problem of human existence, alone, alone, and no voice of hers is uttered to aid us.

CHAPTER VI.

"The red bird warbled as he wrought
His hanging nest o'er head,
And fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led."

Bryant.

The boy walked on for nearly three-quarters of a mile, his breathing growing thick, and his step hurried, for the terrible secret he carried, while lying thus lodged alone in his bosom, weighed upon him

like the contamination of guilt. He had witnessed the shedding of blood, and his whole soul cried out for revelation. Yet, even now, the instinct of self-preservation made him revolve the means, and caused him to walk, as much as possible, in the covert of the woods, lest Carlo should betray him to the assassin.

The remainder of the route to the city was over an open road, nearly the whole distance, and a traveller might be seen for nearly or quite the entire way.

William had now reached the verge of the woods, and he stood at the entrance of the opening, to make a hurried survey. In the immediate vicinity was a low, one story house, covered with shingles, the color of which indicated a recent construction, and beside it a small building with a forge, in which the men were about to commence their morning's work. The hugh bellows were already in motion, and the hurried sparks issuing from the top of the chimney. Two men were standing at the forge; but in such a manner as to conceal their faces from his view.

Presently one approached the door, and William staggered with horror to recognise in him the murderer of the old man. Carlo did the same, and rushed forward, barking furiously. The man left the door, cast a searching glance about him, and then, with a well-aimed blow, laid the faithful creature dead at his feet.

The boy's first impulse was to rush forward in aid of his favorite ; but his severe lesson of the morning had taught him caution, and he drew still farther within the covert.

Meanwhile the man remained in the same position, evidently waiting for the owner of the dog to make his appearance. He glanced both up and down the road, and then went to the wall, which he mounted, and repeated his scrutiny.

He was apparently thirty-five or forty years of age, and, contrary to the usages of the times, wore a heavy black beard that nearly concealed the lower part of the face. His eyes were large and black, and he might, under some circumstances, have been called handsome ; but now the lips were firmly set, and his whole manner was that of cool, daring hardihood, combined with something like reckless levity. He was about the medium height, but much more slightly made than his occupation would seem to indicate.

"Johnson, what are you segatiating there?" cried his companion from the shop.

The man took up the dead animal, gave it a careless toss over the wall, and then entered the shop.

William now feared to take the direct route to the city, lest he might attract the observation of the men in passing the shop. He, accordingly, turned again to the wood, and found his way for a considerable distance through the tangled undergrowth. He

then crossed the road, scaled the wall, and thus proceeded along the sea shore till the intervention of a point of land obliged him to seek once more the main avenue.

Upon the point he found a cluster of houses, mostly of wood, and a long rough bridge stretched between himself and the city. To the left was a ship on the stocks, and the click of the hammers kept rapid time with the rude song of the workmen, while the long stroke of the adze kept up a not unmusical accompaniment.

At the left of the road stood then as now a pump and a trough, for the purpose of giving water to the cattle, for this is one of the great avenues to the city. Large quantities of lumber pass here daily, borne on heavy carts by oxen, and the teamsters, as the drivers are called, here rest awhile before crossing the bridge.

William was about to drink from the pump, when a youth, a farmer's boy, approached from the stable with a brown pitcher under his arm; his sun-burnt, honest face, and hearty "how are ye?" as he lowered the pitcher and gave the boy to drink, had well nigh unnerved him; but he drank in silence, nor dared to turn round, for he knew the dubious eyes of the youth were fixed upon him in wondering curiosity.

Uncertain what course to pursue, he sat down

upon one of the projections of the bridge, under a decaying poplar, and placed his two elbows upon his knees, and then sank his forehead into the palms of his hands, that he might hold down the blood which beat and throbbed through his temples. He recalled all the circumstances of the last few hours, step by step, and then looked at the sun, just "coming forth like a strong man to win a race," and he could hardly believe that so much of the terrible could have transpired in so short a space. He could hardly identify himself, the true William, as the boy who was now homeless, the keeper of a terrible secret, and sitting there forlorn, desolate, with no friend on earth to whom he might apply for aid or counsel. He sat in half stupor, passing years in moments, and half uncertain of existence, so dull and stone-like did he feel.

Oh! it is a weak, inadequate measurement of life, by the annual rotation of this mass of inert matter upon its axis. What hath its revolutions to do with the periods of the soul? What is a year, the passage of months or days to human emotions? Why should the life of man be measured by seasons, when its true life is in those internal changes of which the earth has no parallel? It hath its spring-time of hope, which comes but once; its wearying autumn of despondency, and its long "winter of discontent;" but alas, alas! for its summer day of joy, brief indeed is it.

Talk not of years ; we live them, long, dreary, deadening years, often in a few hours ; when the past, the present, and the future, are all conjoined in one burning period of agony : and this is life, the life that carves the face, and writes characters eternal upon the soul ; yet men perceive them not, and cannot know that in that brief space we have walked ages, and left our compeers behind in the race.

These are the way-marks of existence, and we arise therefrom with the oppression of years. O God ! we inhale the breath slowly, as if emerging from the damp of the sepulchre ; we look upon the sky, and lo ! it is hung as with a pall ; upon the blossom, and it is faded ; the faces of men are changed, and the usages of life vapid and wearisome. We are not the same, for scales have fallen from our eyes, and we see things as they are. We feel an iron will, which must have been the growth of years. Oh ! these are the days of the years of a man's life, and yet the shadow hath hardly changed upon the dial.

William had not remained long as we have described, when a stout, kindly-looking farmer grasped him by the sides of the head, and forcibly raised it up.

"Why, my lad, what ails you ? are you crying ? come, look up, and tell us now what 's the matter."

His manner instantly changed upon perceiving the ashy hue of the boy's face.

"Where 's your mother, child?" he asked instinctively, as if relief could come from no other source. The allusion to his mother brought William to a more defined sense of his own griefs; his head fell back, and he groaned heavily. The farmer drew the child nearer, and said, as gently as his nature would admit,

"Come, come now, boy, just tell us all about it, and I 'm the man to help you if anybody can."

William looked into the face of the man for more than a minute, without speaking.

"That 's right, boy; 't is an honest face, you see, an honest face I hold, in the sight of both God and man."

It was indeed an honest face; and the boy, in a voice scarcely above his breath, told all the dreadful scene he had witnessed. It was now the man's turn to study the face of William, which he did with a severe aspect.

"How comes it, my lad, that you were out that time o' night, sleeping down beside a stone wall?"

"Don't stop to talk now," said the boy impatiently, his natural spirit rising when brought into contact with another; "it is all true, and we must do more than talk."

"Yes, yes, that 's true enough; but you see, I

should look mighty foolish to go into town there and bring out a parcel of officers, and your story turn out a sham, an ugly dream, or a confounded piece of mischief."

The boy turned away.

"No, no, my lad, you do n't get off so. If your story is true, it ought to be looked after; if false, why then, you need a peskey sight of looking after yourself."

"It is true, on my soul," cried William; "you need n't go with me, only tell me where to go, and I will find the officers myself."

The man considered a moment, and then replied, "I do n't see, nither, what you'd want to tell such a peskey lie for, unless you're cracked; and you talk well enough, so far as I can see; so I think I'll run the risk of follerin it up myself."

Having given some directions as to his team, the two moved across the bridge to the city. On the way William gave a minute account of the whole affair, in a manner which left no doubt upon the mind of his listener.

"So then 't is all over with poor old Hastings," said the countryman. "Many's the time I've seen him walking about of a clear night, talking all to himself about the battle of Yorktown. He got a blow on the head there, and never seemed jist right in his mind afterwards, though nobody could say he was right down crazy: a little queerish or so, that's

all : and this is all the good his money done him ; true enough, what the scriptur says, the love of money is the root of all evil."

Having crossed the bridge, the road wound around the side of a steep hill, covered with bushes and clumps of hemlock ; and to the right, skirting a precipitous bank, slept a most lovely sheet of water, just visible through a colonnade of poplars that lined the shore. Leaving this street of a mile in length, they entered the principal thoroughfare of the city, which was called Maine Street, lined upon each side with substantial wooden buildings showing through lines of overhanging elms.

They stopped opposite a large framed yellow structure, surmounted by a little pepper-box looking belfry, upon the top of which stood a woman holding a pair of scales a trifle awry ; which was not meant to indicate the mode of dispensing justice in those parts, but the rareness of the need ; by which means the good woman had leisure to give the balance a rest.

Here the two stood, looking at the figure in blank perplexity. Suddenly a stout, square-built man slapped the countryman upon the shoulder, and said, with a knowing twinkle of the eye,

" Friend, you seem to have taken a mighty fancy to that are woman up there ; I can tell you more about her than anybody else ; I'm one of her officers."

"Then you 're the very man I want," answered the perplexed farmer ; " this ere lad has got something for her to look after."

The manner of the officer instantly changed ; he struck his staff upon the ground heavily, and fixed a penetrating glance upon the face of William.

" Come, out with it, boy ; I speak as an officer of justice, and cannot be trifled with."

" This here boy," interrupted Mr. Shaw, " has been tellin what to my mind is a most oncredible story ; I can't make out what he had to do, bein out onder a stone wall in the middle of the night, and looking on to see a murder."

This was uttered in a low, drawling voice, to which the officer listened with manifest impatience. " What was murdered ?" demanded the officer.

" Poor old Hastings ; come, and I will show you his body, if that will make you believe."

The cautious Mr. Shaw wondered at the alertness of the officer, who waited no further questioning, but instantly collected a body to go and look for the dead and the offender. Arrived at the blacksmith's shop, it was ascertained that a man, employed there for a few days, had been dismissed that morning.

" In fact," said the smith, " he had n't been reglar bred to the trade, and was n't strong like ; and as I did n't railly need him, I paid him off and let him go."

"How long since he went?"

"O, 'bout an hour or so; he seemed nowise bent upon stayin; he wasn't a natyve; and you know them ere foreners never segatiate with us yankees."

The officer cut him short, by calling upon him to assist in the pursuit of the man as guilty of murder.

A few rods further revealed the body of poor Hastings, lifeless in his grey hairs; a fearful clod, in the midst of the green, beautiful woods. For a moment all paused over the sad spectacle. Then followed the ceremony of inquest; and the body was reverently borne away, and the party started again in pursuit of the fugitive. The story spread with appalling effect upon a primitive and virtuous population, where offences, even of a lighter kind, were nearly unknown.

CHAPTER VII.

"To think this heart was once so waxen soft,
And then congealed so hard, that nought of all
Which hath been since could ever have the power
To wear away the image of that girl—
'T was a wild love."

Louisa J. Hall.

In the meanwhile, William, who seemed nearly exhausted with exertion as well as excitement, had been sent back to the city after the discovery of the

body of Hastings, and left in charge of the jailor's wife. As the day wore on, an oppressive sleepiness grew upon the boy, which she perceiving, prepared to bestow him for the night. Being a straight-forward, dull woman, she had no very defined ideas in her head, excepting the one overwhelming one, that none of the prisoners must, by any manner of means, be allowed to escape. She troubled herself little as to the nature of crime, recognizing only the fact, that people were somehow caught and brought to the gaol for safe keeping, and there they must be kept.

Accordingly she armed herself with a bunch of ponderous keys, and bade William follow her up a flight of rickety stairs upon the outside of the gloomy stone gaol. William had been sitting upon a wooden bench, winking and staring his eyes, in vain efforts to ward off sleep, while the woman moved back and forth at an ironing table ; and now that she, all red in the face, and with hands hot from the iron, took hold of him, to lead him away into this terrible place, he turned pale and burst into tears. The woman was certainly afraid of pity, for she did not look at the child, nor speak a word ; yet her lip quivered, and her face grew white, except the spots crimsoned by the heat of the fire.

She led him through a long, dark passage, and opened a door into a room with one window high up

in the wall, and defended with iron gratings. The boy gave one wild glance about the room, and then clung to her garments saying,

“Do not leave me here ; I have done no wrong ; put me anywhere but in this gloomy place.”

The woman took his fingers from her clothes, and ran out without speaking a word ; but she listened long upon the outside of the door, the tears streaming from her eyes. Perceiving all was silent, she went down, and began to iron away, as if nothing had happened. But she could not do so long ; she took a quilt on her arm, and went up to the room, and opened the door as gently as she could for the rust. She spread the rug upon the floor in one corner, where had been strewn fresh straw, and lifting William from the floor, for he had fallen asleep, she kissed his cheek yet wet with tears, and wept herself, as if her heart would break, when the poor child murmured “mother ;” then she went out better eased than before, and thinking it must be a shocking thing to be a mother, after all, as no one could tell what dreadful end children might make.

It was past midnight, when the door again unclosed, and a pale, haggard man was thrust inward ; the door creaked slowly ; there was the rumble of the lock, and all was still. The new captive was so entirely exhausted, for he had been

hunted through swamps and woods, across ponds and brooks, doubling, and skulking, and winding, like a beset and tortured beast, until human nature could endure no more ; and now he groped about the dark room, feeling of the walls, until his foot touched the rug upon which the boy lay ; then he sunk down and stretched himself by his side, and slept, his arm circling the child's waist, with instinctive tenderness.

William sobbed and wept, oppressed by bitter dreams, the most terrible of which presented his mother, white as marble, her blue eyes fixed, and her golden hair neglected upon her shoulders, and she silent and piteous. Long ere the light gleamed into the prison, he was awake, conscious of a companion, and at a loss to know whom it might be. The sleeper breathed heavily, and when the boy moved aside from his clasp, low moanings escaped him. William's heart was touched ; and he nestled again to his side, and laid his hand upon the head of the stranger. Whether it was that the pressure of that innocent hand did its office of mercy, or the man was becoming more quiet, from the tranquilizing effect of slumber, we will not say ; but he did sleep, long and softly, till the light gradually stole into the room ; and then the child raised himself upward, and looked searchingly into his face.

It is well known, that no human being can long

abide this intense scrutiny ; it is as if the very soul revolted at having its receptacle so invaded ; and the deepest slumber may be broken by this means, and this alone.

The stranger opened his eyes at the very moment that conviction entered the mind of the child, who recoiled, and yet could not withdraw his eyes ; and the two gazed long and painfully into each other's faces. At length, William, in utter silence, withdrew to the far corner of the room, where he crouched down and covered his face with his hands.

The man turned himself heavily upon the straw, groaning and muttering to himself. "Still, forever, that face !" Perceiving a bible upon the floor, which had fallen from the little bundle of the child, he opened it, and read the name, "Sarah Putney, Ashburton, England." The book dropped from his hand, and he uttered a groan, so deep, so full of intense misery, that William started from his seat with instinctive sympathy. The man seized him by the arm, and pondered his face so long and closely, that William grew too deeply terrified to cry out, expecting every moment some further act of enormity.

At length the man's hands dropped to his side, and he sank back upon his couch, his face frightfully pale, and looking doubly haggard, from his neglected hair and beard, which were lank and damp from

suffering. William knelt with clasped hands, and cried,

“I wish I had never seen the deed, — I wish I had never told ; — poor man ! God comfort you !”

“Say it again,” murmured the man.

William felt as if his whole heart were in the words,

“God forgive you, and comfort you, and take the terrible sin from your soul.”

“Amen,” said the man ; and tears grew under his lids. He opened his arms, and William laid himself therein, trembling and weeping.

“How terrible it is ! how broken-hearted you are !” His voice was stopped ; and the man raised him and laid him upon the straw. He had fainted. When he at length recovered, the prisoner was weeping too ; but still and gentle as a child. He asked many questions, which William answered as well as he was able, and long, very long did he dwell upon the story of his mother, — her sweetness, her goodness, her beauty, and the great love she bore her child. Led away by the subject, he did not at first perceive how the man wept, as if each tear were a great drop of blood, forced from a stifling heart. At length the man asked, “will you do one thing for me, William ?” The boy assented.

The stranger took a small golden locket from his

bosom and said, "give this to your mother, and ask her to pray for the soul of him who sent it." William promised. "And now," he continued, "I hear people in the passage. You must not appear against me; O God! I could not bear that!—and child, will you give me one kiss?" William complied, and the man led him to the door, to meet the comers, saying, "take this child hence. In God's name, take the innocent from the guilty."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Yet all thy beauty, poor, deluded girl!
Served but to light thy ruin. Is there not,
Kind Heaven! some secret talisman of hearts
Whereby to find a resting-place for love?"

Rufus Dawes.

From the cold and reckless manner in which the crime had been committed, people were prepared for a long and difficult trial, and the show of great hardihood on the part of the prisoner. Those of dull imaginations were on the tiptoe of expectancy, preparing to devote days, and perhaps weeks, to the gradual unfoldings of crime, the details of plot and secrecy; and the delight of gloating over a human face, upon which had been set the seal of Cain. Great was the disappointment, and it may be vexation, when it was ascertained that but little more

than the form of trial would be necessary ; the prisoner having persisted in his determination to plead guilty to the charge.

Accordingly, after the needful ceremonial, he was remanded to the gaol to await the day appointed for execution. Here we must leave him to the commiseration of the pious and the good, who did not fail to afford the only relief available — human prayers, and tears, and sympathy. We will leave him to the Great Giver of the spirit, in the meek trust, that though far astray, he will yet gather it to himself.

In the meanwhile, William returned home, where the story of his adventure had in part preceded him. His mother received him with tears of passionate tenderness. She took him into her lap, tall as he was, and rocked him back and forth in her arms, as if this might allay the yearningness of maternal instinct. She wept and laughed by turns, till the child grew terrified at the excess of emotion. Even George Crosbey, at first, abated a portion of his usual sullenness at sight of the boy ; but the unwonted tenderness of Sarah so vexed him, that he grew silent and moody again.

William took a footstool and sat down at his mother's feet, and began to tell the story of his adventures. The little group listened in silent wonder, with scarcely a comment, for all was too terrible for

words. He went on step by step, told of the long night in the gaol, the terror which at first drew him to the side of his companion, as a relief from the silence and the darkness ; of the slowly gathering light, by which he learned that he had slept in the arms of the dark, cruel man ; he told of his own simple prayer, the tears of the captive, the discovery of the bible, to all which Sarah listened, silent and breathless.

All at once William, who had been looking almost unconscious that he did so, into her face, stopped, and cried, " Oh ! mother, move, turn your head, dear mother ; you looked just so in my dream."

Sarah pressed her lips to his forehead, and he went on ; when, at length, the child drew the locket from his bosom, and held it up, repeating the words of the guilty man, she gave one long, loud shriek, and fell at the feet of her husband. She tried to speak, again and again, but no words came, and she only held up her poor, pale hands, in speechless agony.

George Crosbey took her in his arms, and strode up and down the floor as if she had been a babe ; he pressed her to his heart, he gnashed his teeth in anguish, and there she lay, with her long hair streaming downward, and her eyes fixed as in death. He laid her upon the bed, and knelt down, and there, O God, he saw the soul recede inward to its citadel,

its light fading from the face, and leaving the unmeaning blank of idiocy.

* * * * *

Weeks and months transpired ; George Crosbey was more gloomy than ever ; but for all this, there was a wild, passionate tenderness blent with all his intercourse with his family. The two children were most carefully nurtured, and William was met with an affectionate gentleness to which he had never been accustomed. Yet when all was hushed to sleep in the house, hour after hour might he be seen walking along the shore, and often, in loud prayer, giving vent to the gloom within. The neighbors were few at that time, yet many did not fail to make effort to wile the unhappy man from what to them was an unaccountable mood, or an evidence of that "wrestling of the spirit," by which they believed God strove to subdue an erring creature to himself. .

At length came the close of a beautiful day in June,—the month when, of all others, one would ask to wait yet awhile upon the earth,—and yet upon this day, upon the top of Montjoy—a beautiful hill overlooking the city and the bay, the islands, and loveliest country in the world,—from this lovely spot, in view of all this peacefulness and beauty, and in this month, when the veins most thrill with life, had a human being been sent, by legal violence,

hence to God : and a great multitude looked upon the deed with pale faces, and sobs, and nerves that winced in terrible concert with the dying.

It was late in the night when a man desired to speak with the High Sheriff. That officer might well be pardoned, after a day of such excitement, if a shade of paleness passed over his face, when a large, tall man entered his room, with slouched hat, and a black mask concealing his features.

"O ! aye," said the officer ; "it is well to be prompt. I am glad you called for the money to night, for I want to get this ugly business off my mind."

"So do I," rejoined the other.

The Sheriff, not without a look of disgust, proceeded to count out a considerable sum of money, which he pushed across the table to the stranger.

The man brought down his fist fiercely upon the amount, and, stooping forward, said :—

"Mr. Sheriff, does not your oath of office bind you to the performance of the ugly duty of to-day ?"

"O ! aye ; to have it done," said the other, wincing slightly.

"Well then, do you not see, that when you offer a *bribe* to another, who has no sacred duty to his country, by which he is bound by oath, in the sight of the great God ; do you not see, that when you bribe him to the Judas act, you make him a cowardly, pitiful murderer ?"

He uttered the last words hissing through his teeth, and struck the table so violently, that the Sheriff arose in dismay, and stood with his hand upon a small cane which rested beside him. The man observed the gesture, and said, scornfully, as he swept the money upon the floor, and placed his foot thereon,

“You have nothing to fear from me. Did you think I came here at this dead hour to claim the price of blood? Did you think me so much the Judas, that I would take gold for blood? No; I came here to tell you the why I stood in your place to-day, and to take the bloody garment from my shoulders, and lay it upon yours, where by *oath* it belongs. What I have done to day, I did as a solemn atonement, for great, for unspeakable wrong. It was all that was left me to do, to right the injured, and I have done it; not for gold, but as in God’s stead, his instrument, and his only. I whispered at the last one name in his ear, and saw its effect.”

The Sheriff recoiled, at what seemed the shade of insanity in his visitor, and asked, “and what said he?”

“It is well.”

For many moments a deathlike silence prevailed in the room, and then the man went as he came.

It was well known by the public that the Sheriff had offered a large sum of money to any one who

would perform the last severe penalty of the law, and as the personage who appeared upon the scaffold wore a mask, George Crosbey was not identified till years after, when, in the heat of religious excitement, he detailed much of the story here given as an evidence of the badness of his own heart, and his great need of trial to subdue its evil manifestations.

TO THE MAYFLOWER.*

(E P I G R A M R E P E R Y .)

BY HARRIET N. JENKS.

A charm hast thou no forest flower can boast,
 Thou little beaming herald of the spring!
 How thrilled thy smile when on our rock-bound coast
 The wearied Pilgrims found thee blossoming!

Past was the ocean's wide and dreary waste,
 Yet cold the land, and desolate and lone;—
 The less 'ning band, enfeebled, pined to taste
 The joy of summer's breath,—of summer's sun.

The gloomy winter o'er them lingered still,
 While March in wailing winds its requiem sang,
 'Til tears of April swelled the unchained rill;—
 There on its banks our winsome Mayflower sprang.

* So called by the forefathers of New England for the vessel in which they sailed; it being the earliest wild-flower that greeted them on the opening of spring.

A blessing on thy graceful perfumed bell !
That bloomed in roseate tints, for years unknown,
And peered above the withered leaves, to tell
How, in the wilderness, God's love is shown.

Oh, blest thou wert, that to firm trust couldst wake
Those care-worn hearts, — the free-souled Pilgrim
band ! —
And hence, for aye, thy loveliness should make
Those Pilgrims' sons recall God's ruling hand !

Boston.

HEART UTTERANCE,

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL RICHTER,

BY RUDOLPH HERMANN.

ONCE upon a time the gentle genius who watches our sensitive hearts, drew near to Jupiter, and thus entreated him.

“Heavenly father ! give to thy suffering children of earth a better language : they have only words for every feeling, whether of joy, of grief, or of love.”

“Have I not given them tears ?” said Jupiter ; “tears of joy, tears of sorrow, and the sweeter tears of tenderness ?”

“Alas ! tears cannot show forth the whole heart : give to man a fuller utterance for the infinite longings of the soul, when he looks back to the morning star of infancy yet glimmering behind him, — when he beholds the rosy dawn of youth glowing around

him, — when, in old age, the golden clouds of evening gather above the departed sun and foreshadow his immortal life. Give him a new language of the heart, oh father !”

At that moment Jupiter heard, amid the sphere-music of worlds, the voice of the muse of song, so he beckoned to her and said : “go *thou* to the children of men, and let them learn thy language.”

Then the muse of song descended to earth, and taught her spirit-strain, and ever since that time the heart of man has found full and perfect utterance.

CONFIDENCE AND AFFECTION ;

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Lo ! Love—the arch-enchanter—came,
And lighted at her feet
Aladdin's lamp, by whose pure flame
All fairy marvels meet !

A rosy glow is in the air,
A halo o'er the flowers,
And music melts in murmurs there,
And rapture wings the hours.

Take from her this—her dream of bliss—
And all life else is dreary :
Before her bring earth's rarest wealth—
She turns forlorn and weary :

Nay! steal, to clasp her fairy zone,
The loveliest star above you,—
She only asks the smile—the tone,
That thrilling said—“I love you!”

Ah me! how soon the world will wake,
With cold and calm endeavor,
That dreamer from her trance,—and break
Love's magic lamp forever!

NOBODY'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Sum up each token thou hast won
 Of kindred feeling there —
 How few for Hope to build upon —
 How many for Despair!"

Hofman.

"WOMEN are strangely constituted creatures," suddenly exclaimed Charles Wharton, as he sat by the side of his pretty sister.

"Pray, what made you utter that truism so very emphatically?" asked his sister, as she laughingly looked up from her needle-work.

"Because I never so forcibly felt its truth," answered Charles.

"I hope you have had no new evidence of their eccentricity, brother," said Susan, archly.

"Indeed, I have," was the significant reply. "I thought that you, Susan, were free from the caprice that characterizes your sex; but I believe now that women are all alike."

"What have *I* done, dear Charles?"

"Oh! you know what I mean, Sue: here I find you as calm, quiet and cheerful, as if nothing had occurred to disturb the current of your feelings; and yet, only this morning, you deliberately murdered the peace of as fine a fellow as ever the sun shone upon."

"Brother, this is unkind;" said Susan, blushing deeply as she spoke.

"I do not mean to say aught that will pain you," said Charles; "but I cannot refrain from telling you, that you have been guilty of great injustice towards my friend. May I ask, why you refused the hand of Edward Hartley?"

"Who told you it was ever offered to my acceptance, brother?"

"I heard it from his own lips; I have just had a long interview with him; and the anguish which he is suffering would melt the heart of any one but a selfish woman!"

"Charles, you are angry, and of course unjust. Edward Hartley has less sense of delicacy than I supposed him to possess, if he can thus pour his complaints into the ear of another."

"Why was I not informed of his proposal, Susan? surely, your only relatives, your mother and brother, ought to be consulted on a matter of such importance."

"I have no concealments from mamma, Charles ; she knew the whole affair ; and had I been disposed to accept his addresses, you certainly would have been consulted."

"That is an excellent idea, Sue ; if you had accepted him, I should have been allowed the privilege of knowing it after the matter was settled."

"No, brother ; if I had loved Edward Hartley well enough to become his wife, I should not have wedded him without your approbation : but, when I knew that my decision was already made, I felt it would be wrong to betray his confidence, by disclosing his proffer, even to you."

"But I might have succeeded in persuading you to a different decision."

"That would be impossible, Charles ; my objection to him is one that only himself could have removed ; and it is too late now."

"Yet you were once inclined to like him."

"I do not deny it ; when I first became acquainted with him, his fine appearance, his agreeable manners, and his varied talents, excited my admiration ; and, but for mamma's kind watchfulness, I might have allowed my affections to become involved ; but I am thankful that I was preserved from such a misfortune."

"A great misfortune, truly ! you would really have been an object of pity, had you become the

wife of the handsome, the gifted and wealthy Hartley."

Mrs. Wharton had listened with deep interest to the conversation between her children, until, perceiving Susan's flushed cheek and tearful eye, she interposed. "Your sympathy with your friend makes you unkind to your sister, Charles. I will answer, in sober earnest, your ironical remark; and I can affirm, with truth, that if Susan were the wife of Hartley, she would be an object of pity."

"Why so, pray?"

"Because he is a thoughtless, selfish votary of pleasure: he spends his time, his money, and his health, in a round of frivolous pursuits, which, to say the least of them, are vain and worthless."

"Yet no one has ever accused him of vicious habits."

"*Not yet*, Charles."

"Oh! that is just a woman's remark; severe, sarcastic, and uncharitable: you cannot bring any serious charge against him; and, therefore, you take it upon yourself to predict future vices."

"My son, I trust you have never had reason to accuse me of a want of Christian charity; but I have lived long enough in the world to know, that when *youth*, usually the season of generous and lofty impulses, is given up to selfishness and idleness, vice is not far distant. Edward Hartley is still

very young, yet he is already noted for his epicurean habits, his thoughtless prodigality, and his love of the wine-cup."

"No, no, mother," interrupted Charles; "you wrong him; indeed you do; he is a little wild, perhaps, and possesses a very excitable temperament; but he has never been degraded by intoxication."

"Ah, Charles! you little know how insidious are the first attacks of wine! The very weakness which renders him unable to resist the excitement of good wine and bad company, will always make him an easy victim to temptation. He has no stability of character, no strength of principle, to oppose, as a barrier, to the encroachments of vice."

"Pardon me, my dear mother, if I venture to tell you, that women, however sensible, are totally unfit to judge of the characters of men. Living in the seclusion of domestic life, assailed by few temptations, and those of a very ordinary kind, they cannot possibly understand the nature and the circumstances of those who must go out into the world and face its perils. To women, a very slight offence against propriety and rigid morality, seems a deadly sin; and a man is never forgiven by them, if he has once been found guilty of the least dereliction from the path of duty."

"You are mistaken, Charles; I grant that a young and pure-minded girl can have but little in-

sight into human nature, as it exists in the opposite sex. To her, the pages of that sinful and sorrowful volume,—the heart of man,—must necessarily be sealed. But when a woman has been a wife, and has fathomed the hidden depths of character in her husband ; when she has made his nature her study for years, the knowledge which she thus acquires enables her to read much of the mysterious lore.”

“ I suppose you mean, that if a woman has an evil-disposed husband, she will learn to doubt all the sex.”

“ No ; I mean it is the duty of every wife to study the character of him to whom she has promised to devote her life ; since, without such study, she cannot learn to assimilate herself to him ; and, let his character be what it may, it opens a new and strange world to her. There is so much in the nature of a man which differs so essentially from that of her own sex, that she often finds herself puzzled and confounded : but if she once succeeds in her researches, she then possesses a master-key which enables her to unlock many a heart. I know enough of the temptations and trials which assail your sex, Charles, to believe that the man who preserves his integrity and purity of feeling, in the midst of so many foes to both, is, truly and emphatically, only ‘ a little lower than the angels.’ He who passes through the fiery ordeal unscathed,

should not be condemned because the flames may have singed his garments."

"Yet, with the words of benevolence on your lips, you condemn one whose only error is what you call weakness of character."

"And is not that the most comprehensive of all errors? If Hartley were addicted to some one vice, and possessed decision and resoluteness, he could subdue and conquer the besetting sin; but when he is deficient in moral energy, he must necessarily fall a prey to every enticing vice."

"Well, there is no use in talking about it now; I think Sue has acted very unwisely; for, after all, even if Hartley is dissipated, he is a good-hearted, generous fellow. He is *nobody's enemy but his own*."

"How I detest that expression!" exclaimed Mrs. Wharton, earnestly; "it awakens a host of painful recollections in my mind, and comprises a volume of shame and sorrow. You look surprised, Charles; perhaps I can better explain my severity, and illustrate your idea of 'a *good-hearted* man,' by relating some incidents in the life of an early friend. It is a tale I never meant to relate to you; but your toleration for the errors of the fascinating Hartley has taught me the propriety of warning you by example, rather than precept."

CHAPTER II.

"In a few short hours

Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
In the fulness of grace and womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride."

Pierpont.

"My friend, whose name I shall conceal under that of Sophia, was one of those cheerful, merry beings, who, in their childhood, seem created only for happiness. She possessed a buoyancy of spirit, and a cheerfulness of temper, which certainly promised much for the future; and I presume her early years were spent in the enjoyment of as much happiness as ever falls to the lot of mortals. Left an orphan at an early age, and being the heiress of a considerable patrimony, she had resided with her guardian from childhood. He loved her as a daughter; and, as she grew up to womanhood, he hoped that her union with his son would give him a still stronger claim to her affection. But this connection never took place. Charles Heywood was a grave, studious youth, whose pale countenance and rather diminutive person offered no great attractions to a gay and thoughtless girl; while his total want of

those graces of manner which are only acquired in polished society, prevented the full appreciation of his really fine intellectual gifts. He loved her very fervently ; but shy and reserved, he never essayed to win her heart till it was no longer in her own keeping.

Sophia was in the habit of passing part of every winter in New York ; for, much as she loved her guardian, her cheerful spirits led her to find great delight in the gay circles of the metropolis ; and it was during one of her visits to the city, that she first became acquainted with the young and gifted individual who afterwards became her husband. Possessed of very versatile talents, Edward Liston had the art of displaying himself to the best advantage in all society ; and few, while under the influence of his fascinations, ever thought of sounding the depths of his intellect, or questioning the actual worth of the glittering gems which he drew forth from it.

He was a young lawyer, with no other prospect before him than that of a life of toil ; since the small fortune which his father had accumulated, was barely sufficient for the support of an aged mother and an idiot sister. His only hope of future competence, therefore, depended upon his close application to business ; habits of severe study, and long-suffering patience, were both essential to the

success of an unfriended young lawyer. Yet Edward possessed neither of these requisites ; and, instead of devoting himself to his profession, he was idly pursuing his amusement in the circles of fashion. Have you never met with persons, Charles, whose very versatility of talent prevented their success in life ? Such an one was Edward Liston. He sketched beautifully ; he sung with taste ; and accompanied himself on the guitar very well. His musical ear enabled him to improvise on the piano ; so that, with a limited knowledge of the science, he yet charmed his hearers by his skilful combinations of broken melodies and snatches of old songs. He poetised rather better than the generality of *album*-contributors. He read with exquisite modulation and eloquence ; and his powers in recitation were often compared to those of the best of modern tragedians. In short, he had the most brilliant qualities that ever commanded success in the circles of fashion ; while he was utterly deficient in that perseverance and steadiness of purpose which could alone have ensured to him excellence in any department of taste and science.

Byron has said that ‘ maidens, like moths, are ever caught with glare ; ’ and the sarcasm of the poet is too often verified by the experience of everyday life. Sophia had been utterly blind to the fine qualities of her daily companion, Charles Heywood,

and she was now completely dazzled by the brilliant halo which encircled the young favorite of a coterie. Edward Liston became her suitor ; and but a few months after her first acquaintance with him, he asked and received her hand. She married him with a full belief in the nobleness of his character, as well as his superior intellect ; and, to the younger part of her friends, she seemed to have drawn a high prize in the lottery of life. Indignantly rejecting her guardian's proposition to secure her fortune by a marriage settlement, Sophia felt that where she was willing to entrust her happiness, she would not hesitate to bestow the paltry gift of property ; and she came a dowered as well as loving bride to the arms of her gifted husband. Ignorant of the want, and, therefore, of the value of money, she felt no surprise when she found herself established in a style of splendor which would have better suited a larger income. Indeed, she felt a girlish pride, in thus exchanging the small and plain apartments of her guardian's country house, for the spacious and richly furnished ones in which she now appeared as mistress.

They lived in a gay and fashionable manner, receiving company very frequently, and indulging in all the expensive pleasures of the time, until a sudden check was given to their thoughtless course of life, by the severe illness of Sophia. In the

midst of her unreflecting career, she was struck down by the hand of disease, and for many weeks lay on the couch of suffering, with death watching beside her pillow. Her eldest child was born, and died ; yet the mother was unconscious of everything : physical suffering had destroyed all perception. Slowly and painfully the disease was driven back, and, step by step, death retreated from beside her.

She recovered ; but the feebleness consequent upon her protracted illness, long confined her to the solitude of her apartment, and, while there, she first learned to reflect in sober sadness. Her previous life had passed like a happy, but bewildering dream ; and her first awakening had been on the very brink of the grave. She shuddered when she remembered her thoughtless existence, and her utter unfitness for another world. Whether this commune with herself availed to prepare her for the dreaded change, whenever it should come, rests between her soul and its Maker ; but it is certain, that her giddy, reckless gaiety of feeling was replaced by an earnest and humble reliance upon the God who had watched over her from infancy. She went into the chamber of sickness a light-hearted votary of earthly pleasure, and she emerged from it a christian.

But Mr. Liston had employed the period of her illness in a very different manner. He was, at first, kind, attentive and anxious ; but, by degrees, he

became careless and inconsiderate. As soon as all danger of immediate death was passed, he left his wife to the care of her attendants, and once more shone in the scenes of gaiety. He had lived upon excitement, until the quiet duties and pleasures of life were utterly tasteless and insipid. He could not be spared from the gay scenes of which he was the life and ornament ; and, therefore, his wife was left in loneliness, deprived of the companionship and solace of him who had sworn to cherish her 'in sickness and in health.'

When she at length returned to society, he was vexed and mortified at the change in her appearance and manners. He could not bear to hear remarks about her faded looks, and, still less could he endure her scruples of conscience respecting certain amusements in which she had formerly indulged. Indeed, he had learned to feel her presence a restraint upon his pleasures ; and, in his heart, he secretly wished that she would withdraw from the scenes which she could no longer adorn. Sophia perceived his desires, and she obeyed. The birth of a son afforded her solace for the growing disquietude which her husband's neglect occasioned ; and, in the retirement of home, she hoped to find purer pleasures than she had yet enjoyed.

But she was destined to disappointment in all her anticipations. Mr. Liston's extravagant habits

him in vain until a very late hour, and then accepted the escort of a friend to her home. She watched the waning of the stars, and the breaking of the day ; but her husband did not return. Distracted with fears for his safety, she despatched servants in all directions in search of him ; but no tidings were received. Before ten o'clock the following day, the house was filled with sheriff's officers, — an execution had been levied upon Mr. Liston's goods, and his wife and children were literally turned out of doors, to beggary.

Where, think you, was the *generous, good-hearted* man, during this season of distress ? You will think, as did poor Sophia for many a weary month, that he had fallen a prey to the knife of the midnight assassin, or to the dirk of the phrenzied gambler. No : he had fled from the storm he dared not brave ; he had left *her* to bide the tempest, while he had sought a refuge from its fury. Aye, and worse than all, he had not gone unprovided ; the silver plate, the very spoons, and forks, and salvers, which had been his pride in former days, had vanished with him ; he had robbed his own coffers of the silver which his wife's fortune had enabled him to buy.

But Sophia knew not this ; she mourned him as dead, and little dreamed that the sudden disappearance of the plate had subjected her to the heaviest suspicions. It was not until months had elapsed,

and it became a subject of legal investigation, that she found she had been suspected of concealing the large amount of silver which was known to have been in their possession. In the course of the examination, facts were elicited from various sources, and such circumstantial evidence was obtained as satisfied every one that the plate had disappeared on the night when Mr. Liston had mysteriously vanished ; and those who knew his habits were at no loss to imagine the true state of the case.

Yes, Charles ; the *generous, good-hearted* man ; he who was '*nobody's enemy but his own* ;' had left his wife and children, and his helpless mother and sister, to struggle with want ! while he had secured himself from the necessity of sharing their hardships, by a cowardly flight.

Mr. Liston had squandered his mother's little patrimony, as well as his wife's fortune, and nothing was saved from the wreck. By the sale of her jewels, and the superfluous part of her wardrobe, Mrs. Liston was enabled to hire part of a small house, and open what is now called a thread and needle store. After a time she felt it her duty to provide for the destitute mother and sister of her husband ; and, sending for them to take up their abode with her, they formed one united and affectionate family. Her children were then very young, and it was suggested to her by some friends, that

she might procure employment as a daily governess. By the assistance of her early friend, Charles Heywood, from whom she resolutely refused to accept *pecuniary* aid, she obtained several pupils, whom she regularly attended, while her mother took charge of the store.

Thus did she struggle to provide a maintenance for her deserted family, during ten long years. Her son was adopted by Mr. Heywood, and she cheerfully submitted to the pang of parting with him, because she knew that, under the guidance of that good and noble-minded man, who was then established as pastor of a flourishing church, he would receive such an education as she could not afford to give him. The closest economy, the most unremitting application were necessary, in order to provide the comforts of life to those who depended upon her exertions ; and Mrs. Liston toiled until health, and strength, and spirits sunk under her labors. But just when her prospects in life seemed darkest, Providence dispersed the clouds of adversity. A distant relative of her deceased father,—a man whom she had never known, and from whom she certainly had no expectations,—died intestate ; and she thus became heir-at-law to his estate, which, though not large, was sufficient to afford her a competence.

Since that period she has been released from daily toil ; but, alas ! what human power can re-

store to her the buoyancy of spirits, the hopefulness of temper, the confiding frankness of disposition, which were once her characteristics. Deceived in her affections, deserted by her husband, compelled to deal with the cold, the selfish, and the sordid, she remembers her early happiness but as one recalls a lovely dream. Yet, the man who destroyed her peace, and ruined the fortunes of her children, — who robbed his old mother and imbecile sister of their daily bread, was one of those whom the charitable world styles, '*nobody's enemy but his own.*'"

"What became of Mr. Liston?" asked Charles, who had listened with the deepest interest.

"He went to the South, and, assuming the character of a clergyman, which his brilliant talents enabled him to support with great ease for a little while, he preached in many of the churches; and, as I have since heard, actually received an invitation to preside over a congregation. But, becoming weary of this restraint, he went to Havanna, and there married a young Creole, whose large fortune was her chief attraction. He lived with her just long enough to become master of her wealth, and then, under pretence of visiting New Orleans on business, he freighted a ship with his most valuable effects, and bade her adieu forever.

What then became his course of life, is not

known ; but, five years since, when Charles Heywood visited South America, in search of health, one of the first men whom he met in Brazil, was Edward Liston. But the beauty of his person had given place to the bloated look of habitual intemperance, and his graceful manners were now exchanged for the coarse and overbearing arrogance of the slave-master. He was living in affluence and luxury, but indulging in every vicious inclination ; and Mr. Heywood in vain endeavored to arouse, in his stupefied mind, some sense of duty towards his long-deserted family.

He had too long accustomed himself to mere self-gratification, and now the very idea of making restitution for past error threw him into a paroxysm of rage. He was sunk too deep in the mire of sensuality, and thus he died, 'even as the beasts that perish.' Not a word of remorse or affection ever arrived to solace the unhappy wife. Not one iota of his ill-gotten wealth ever became the heritage of his neglected children ! Deliberately, while he lay upon his death-bed, did he apportion his fortune among the associates of his licentious career ; but no provision was made for those whom he had so cruelly deprived of all ! He died as he lived, a voluptuary and an infidel.

Can you wonder, Charles, that, knowing these things, I should have strong, insurmountable preju-

dices against those on whom the world bestows the praise of *good-heartedness*, in lieu of virtue? Dearly as I love Susan, believe me, I could, with more calmness, resign her to the keeping of the cold grave, than give her to the arms of one who is '*nobody's enemy but his own!*'"

Mrs. Wharton's voice faltered as she uttered these words, and she hastily retired from the room, to conceal her tears.

"Dear brother," said Susan, as the door closed; "do you know whose story mamma has been relating?"

"I am afraid I can conjecture, Susan; I knew she had been unhappy in her married life; but I did not dream such a history could be unfolded."

"We must not again allude to it, Charles; because it always overcomes her, as it has now done. But she has given us a picture of her own sufferings and trials, which I am sure we shall not forget. Her own sad experience has taught her, that the man who makes *amusement* the highest aim of his existence, degrades the dignity of human nature; and makes himself the bond-slave of vice and folly. Her precepts have led me to believe the truth of of the beautiful remark of your favorite, Madame de Stael: '*God, in creating man the first, has made him the noblest of his creatures; and the*

most noble creature is he, who has the greatest number of duties to perform."

"I heartily agree with you, sister; but I would go one step beyond the gifted woman of genius, and say, that the noblest of God's creatures, is he, who, *having the greatest number of duties, performs them the most conscientiously and faithfully.*"

BROOKLYN, L. I.

MEMORY.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN

*Era già l'ora, che volgi' il denio
 A naviganti, e interisce'l cuore
 Lo di, ch' hanno detto a dolci amici : a Dio.*

DANTE.

When the cares of present being
 Wake a tumult in the breast,
 To the past, the spirit fleeing,
 Lulls its anxious thoughts to rest.

Herbal, book, or faded letter,
 Murmurs of departed years;
 Fancy, freed from custom's fetter,
 Smiles expectant through her tears.

Roaming then the hallowed places
 Where we quaffed Love's fountains new,
 When Hope's young and winning graces
 Pure enchantments round us threw :

With the primal transport glowing,
Tossed upon the sea of youth,
Ere the gales of passion blowing,
Ushered in the calm of truth :

Life's pale star its course retraces,
Back the tides of feeling roll,
And the dear remembered faces
Rise again before the soul.

Eyes whose fond rays long have perished
Make the languid pulses start ;
Tones whose echoes love has cherished,
Fall once more upon the heart.

Hands that smoothed an infant's tresses,
The worn brow benignly seek ;
Lips that hailed a child's caresses,
Press again the pallid cheek.

Up Time's current meekly stealing,
Wafted to a distant land,
Mark we with ecstatic feeling,
Well-known haunts along the strand :—

Strains long mute with charm subduing,
Greet us in the balmy air ;
Vistas green our senses wooing
Lure us down their windings fair.

Forms that long won our devotion,
Thread again familiar ways ;
Smiles that woke divine emotion,
Beam as in those happy days.

At old altars then renewing
Vows that fate forbade to keep,
Bygone paths of bliss pursuing,
Pearls we draw from sorrows' deep.

Musing thus upon the vanished,
Blended grow life's varied hues,
And the darker shades are banished,
Or relieved by early dews.

Calmly thence we see things fading,
In the twilight of the past,
To the heart its griefs upbraiding,
Whispering that they cannot last.

MARY STUART;

BY MARGARET FULLER.

IT was a most lovely day on which we visited Loch Leven, the island where Queen Mary passed those sorrowful months, before her romantic escape under care of the Douglas. As this unhappy, lovely woman stands for a type in history, death, time, and distance do not destroy her attractive power; like Cleopatra, she has still her adorers; nay, some are born to her in each new generation of men. Lately she has for her chevalier the Russian Prince Labaï off, who has spent fourteen years in studying upon all that related to her, and thinks now that he can make out a story and a picture about the mysteries of her short reign, which shall satisfy the desire of her lovers to find her as pure and just as she was charming. I have only seen of his array of evidence so much as may be found in the pages of Chambers's Journal, but that much does not disturb the original

view I have taken of the case, which is that from a Princess educated under the influence of the Medici and Guise families, engaged in the meshes of secret intrigue to favor the Roman Catholic faith, her tacit acquiescence, at least, in the murder of Darnley, after all his injurious conduct toward her, was just what was to be expected from a poor, beautiful young woman, longing to enjoy life, exposed both by her position and her natural fascinations to the utmost bewilderment of flattery, whether prompted by interest or passion ; her other acts of folly are most natural, and let all who feel inclined harshly to condemn her remember the verse,

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman ——

Surely, in all the stern pages of life's account-book, there is none on which a more terrible price was exacted for every precious endowment. Her rank and reign only made her powerless to do good, and exposed her to danger ; her talents only served to irritate her foes and disappoint her friends ; this most charming of women was the destruction of her lovers : married three times, she had never any happiness as a wife ; but in both the connections of her choice found that either she had never possessed, or could not retain, even for a few weeks, the love of the men she had chosen, so that Darnley was willing to risk her

life, and that of his unborn child, to wreak his wrath upon Rizzio, and after a few weeks with Bothwell she was heard "calling aloud for a knife to kill herself with." A mother twice, and of a son and daughter, both the children were brought forth in loneliness and sorrow, and separated from her early; her son educated to hate her, her daughter at once immured in a convent. Add the eighteen years of her imprisonment, and the fact, that this foolish, prodigal world, when there was in it one woman, fitted by her grace and loveliness, to charm all eyes and enliven all fancies, let her be shut up, to water with her tears her dull embroidery, during all the full rose-blossom of her life, and you will hardly get beyond this story for a tragedy, not noble, but pallid and forlorn.

Such were the bootless, best thoughts I had while looking at the dull blood-stained and blocked-up secret stair of Holyrood, at the ruins of Loch Leven castle, and afterward at Abbotsford, where the picture of Queen Mary's head, as it lay on the pillow when severed upon the block, hung opposite to a fine caricature of "Queen Elizabeth dancing high and disposedly." In this last the face is like a mask — so frightful is the expression of cold craft, irritated vanity, and the malice of a lonely breast, in contrast with the attitude and elaborate frippery of the dress. The ambassador looks on dismayed; the little page can scarcely control the laughter which swells

his boyish cheeks. Such can win the world which
better hearts (and such Mary's was, even if it had
a large black speck in it) are most like to lose.

GENTLE BORN.

"I WISH I WERE A POOR GIRL."

BY E. OAKES SMITH.

My mother tells me gentle blood
Is flowing in my veins ;
The blood that will come up again,
When Charlie Stuart reigns.
She tells me 't is a shame for me
To love a simple swain,
For lords will come to woo my hand,
When we shall cross the main.
She tells me this in pride and scorn ;
I wish I were but lowly born.

She bids me wear a silken veil
To keep me white and fair ;
Would I were like the berry brown,
With straight, black Indian hair :

For there is one who would me love,
In spite of wind or weather,
While lords and knights I know would change,
As doth our Scottish heather.

Ah me! for every night and morn,
I wish that I were lowly born.

My mother, she would lay me out
With shroud and silken band,
Sooner than any low-born youth
Should take me by the hand;—
And aye she flouts, and aye she scolds,
If I but walk abroad,
Because a simple youth may chance
Be coming down the road,

Whose haughty smile so careless worn,
She deems unmeet the lowly born.

But yesternight, beside the well,
I found a pale, white flower,
Which Everlasting, maidens call,
And bore it to my bower;—
My mother tore the gift away,
Which I had thought to wear;
She tore it from my bodice out,
And from my golden hair:
Aye, had I been a peasant born,
The rose were mine, but now the thorn.

TWO CHAPTERS ON BEAUTY, VANITY,
AND MARBLE MANTELS.

BY HELFERMSTEIN.

I AM very much in doubt whether an ugly woman should ever love. When I say ugly, I use the word in the English sense, applying to the external appearance; not to moral qualities, as the word is now mostly used to signify in New England, where the idioms of Milton still hold the ground. There a person is morally ugly, physically homely; according to the divine bard—

"It is for *homely* features to keep home;
They had their name hence."

My position may sound very oddly in the face of the whole tribe of twaddlers who fill our magazines with stories going to show that mental beauty is the only thing really loveable or loved in this world;

which may be a pretty philosophic illusion to the very large class of plain people who go to fill up the common clay of this common world ; but the fact is substantially true, that ugly women are not loved. What are such to do then, exclaims ugliness in every possible variety, and in every possible expression of ugliness ?

Why, recognise it as a fact, and meet it accordingly.

I would say still farther, beautiful women are rarely, if ever, vain ; ugly women and plain women are always so. Beauty is favorable to self-esteem, plainness to vanity. The beautiful woman may have a very high standard, but she looks about her, and finds she has the advantage of most whom she encounters, and her glass sends back a reflection which, if not faultless, is far, very far from being repugnant to the principles of beauty. She meets her own personal attractions as a fact, to be no more cared for, and the looks of admiration bent upon her, are a natural and every-day occurrence, which in no way affects her.

Not so the plain woman. Her glass gives back a reflection by no means satisfactory to her own standard. She finds herself passed over in social gatherings, and she grows nervous and uncomfortable under a position which she is unwilling to fill. She tries to make amends by particular charms ; she will

with the frankness, but, alas ! rarely with the true magnanimity of Madame Roland, be compelled to own that she has “ungloved a fair and slender hand,” to do away the impression of very unattractive features ; she will flash out expressive eyes, pout a pretty lip, smile to show even teeth, half violate decorum for the sake of a bust, or with the egregious vanity of Madame de Stael, go with the arms bare, because, as she said, it was all the beauty nature had given her, and she would make the most of it.

All this is exceedingly external, appealing to the sense of others, in the weak hope that we may be less ugly in their eyes than we are in our own, which, depend upon it, we never are. This is the action of vanity, a continual reference to others in an estimate of ourselves,—a reference which the beautiful woman is protected from making by the existence of unquestionable charms.

Men pay homage to beauty, but there is no doubt their conquests are oftenest made with plain women, for vanity is far more obliging than self-esteem—and the dear creature, who finds her one only charm the subject of admiration, is overwhelmed with love—gratitude !—oh, no ! with vanity, which answers the same purpose.

The beautiful woman “knows her worthiness,” as Shakespeare says, and is unmoved at a whole artillery of the kind ; consequently, her emotions are

likely to be the more genuine, earnest, and unadulterated. She is less likely to make compromises and mistakes. She is like a queen in her own castle, or like the fabled sleeping beauty, only to be waked when the true and destined knight shall take her by the hand.

What, then, is beauty the great and much to be desired gift? Certainly, if received as a holy gift. It rarely brings happiness to its possessor, but it brings something higher, — reverence — constancy. Such, if loved, never cease to be loved. Even in the rude physical age of Homer, the old warriors look with awe upon the frail beauty whom the poet, in this way, has contrived to invest with a mournful and tender dignity. Tasso and Petrarch grew into immortality through their love of such ; and Heloise, Mary Stewart, and Josephine, each with their several qualities, have brought the beings of their devotion into the foremost ranks of humanity, to be instinctively approved or condemned. Nobody cares for the learning of Abelard ; he is remembered only as the lover of Heloise ; Mary — the unqueenly Mary — but the fascinating and beautiful woman, we try to forgive because of her thorough genuineness, a fullness of heart that made her life a long inglorious martyrdom. The loving and unselfish Josephine is too sacred for words. We care little for portraits of women like these. We feel in our

hearts they were beautiful, in voice, eye, motion ; grace and soul-pervading beauty must have been instinct with them.

Such are the beings who unconsciously challenge love, because they become to the observer impersonations of loveliness. They realize to the nice eye the dreams of the imagination—they are the ideals of grace, of poetry, and they care as little for their own marvellous power as does the statue which chills while it sets the heart astir.

But what are the ugly ones to do? Must they live without love? Certainly, without the poetry of love. They may have esteem, respect, friendship, and many approximations to love, and if they will be rid of vanity, and live content in a great *fact*, in company with the larger part of those about them, they may have what to most of persons is more desirable than the romance of love: they may have every-day content, which is a very respectable and enviable position to be placed in, and with no tendency to flirtiness, which vanity is very apt to produce, they may be thoroughly praiseworthy and respectable, and being the majority they have it in their power to stare down and put down every beautiful woman who may appear like a vision in their path. It is true, by such a course of frowning, they gain nothing from the other sex but a double dose of flattery, which they would not dare to ex-

pend upon the really beautiful, and they will find themselves at every moment likely to be deserted of their seeming admirers who flatter them in order to do homage to their more favored sisters.

But a truce to sarcasm. There is certainly enough to do in the world, great human needs enough to occupy every magnanimous mind, without reference to the beauty of the missionary. Once in her life even an ugly woman may be pardoned for yielding to her little romance, her domestic heart-break ; but, after that, let her give her vanity its "quietus with a bare bodkin," and her life will be little stirring of events, and her real womanhood of ten times the sacredness and value ; indeed, she will please, in spite of her plainness, those only whom she should desire to please.

CHAPTER II.

I had a friend once who hated marble mantels ; black marble mantels he regarded as the abomination of abominations. He said they had not the frankness and honesty of a mirror, while they revealed quite as much. After much persuasion, he gave the following story as a reason for this dislike.

Passing through one of the by-streets of one of

our great cities, said he, as I often had occasion to do in the way of my profession, I observed a small wooden chapel, which, of a Sabbath-day, was thronged with worshippers, and the vestry room through the week was a place of constant resort. Making inquiries, I was told that the young priest who presided there was remarkable for his eloquence, sanctity and benevolence. He was the guide and the physican of his people, and had been for nearly five years almost worshipped by them.

Curiosity, one morning, prompted me to attend his ministration. I was struck with the solemnity of the service, which, without being either Catholic or Episcopal, swayed from one to the other. The opening form was confessional, for I observed many of the worshippers placed in a small box, at the entrance, slips of paper, which an old deacon afterward conveyed to the priest. Kneeling before the altar, the priest took each of these, and having read them made a mark upon a slate, and then cast them into a brazier filled with coals, and they were consumed.

He then came forward, and he and all the congregation knelt, while with a voice most earnest and musical, he alluded to the nature of the various offences which had been confessed, and then all responded to his simple, earnest appeals for pity and forgiveness by the cry,

“Have pity, O God !”

I recollect little of the subsequent ceremonial, unique as it was, for I found myself so impressed with the sublime spirit of worship, that I remembered only that I was a responsible human being, needing the pity and forgiveness of the Most High, who knew the needs of the creature he had made.

At the close, the priest raised his hands with the simple benediction, “The good Father bless ye, my beloved,” and he folded his hands meekly and retired. I was so struck with his manner, so truthful and so gentle, so touching the very fibres of the human heart, that I was only aroused by the exclamations of the poor people about, who were saying, “Ay, and ye may well look after him ; he is an angel of good.” “No preaching for money there ; his is for the love of God and poor human souls,” and other things of the kind.

Now all these remarks placed the preacher in the masculine gender, and I was convinced I had listened to a woman. The voice, the air, the habits of the preacher ; all confirmed me in my opinion. It was in vain I afterward attempted any civilities—with a solemn yet gentle dignity, I felt myself repulsed. All communications passed through the box at the door, and though I did once so far presume as to throw therein a slip containing the words—“I have plucked out the heart of your mystery,”

I was so ashamed of the act when he appeared at the confessional that I could have wished for annihilation. When he read the paper, he dropped it into the brazier, but made no mark upon the slate, nor did he lift his eyes, or show, other than by an exceeding paleness, that he was alive to the incident.

I learned the priest occupied some plain rooms in the rear of the chapel, which he had himself built ; that he received no pay, in any shape, either for preaching or medicine ; that he had an elderly female, who was his only attendant. He never went out ; a few flowers, books, and ministering to the poor, filled up his whole life. The dead were brought to the chapel for the service, infants duly received the sign of the covenant, and the marriage vow was pledged, all in the same area, from which he never strayed.

Many years elapsed, and I had outgrown my unmanly curiosity, when one morning my office was fairly besieged with applications. The priest had fallen ill. I went immediately, but was refused entrance ; the old woman telling me with tears in her eyes, that he was certainly near dying, out of his head, yet raving with all the sweetness of an angel. With professional freedom I pushed her withered hand aside from the lock and entered the sick room, closing the door against all obtrusive curiosity.

The poor old woman rushed forward and threw

herself at the side of the bed in an agony of grief. There were the fair hands, the long locks, and the expression of patient suffering which only woman wears. She was delirious, and in a high fever. I left a prescription, and administered a palliative myself upon the spot.

Ill as she was, her delirium was suspended partially, a moment, and she fixed her eyes upon me sternly, saying :

“God deal gently with thee according as thou dost respect my secret.”

I bowed reverently, and left the house. I was not allowed a second entrance, although she must have hovered for weeks upon the verge of the grave, and when she next made her appearance in the chapel she was a white shadow, nothing more, and the house was filled with tears and sobs, in the midst of which arose her clear sweet voice like a chord of music. I noticed one petition which I knew was designed for me.

“May the good in any heart, though rejected here, be a sacred deposit in the bosom of God, to be hereafter brought forth and receive its reward !” I found myself weeping like a little child, while listening to her words.

She lived in this way many years, and at length expired in the midst of the morning confessional, surrounded by the prayers and blessings of the poor.

Hitherto I have said nothing as to her personal appearance. The long priestly garments she had assumed were favorable to disguise, and her amber colored hair, parted upon the top of her head, gave her an exceedingly apostolic interest. As a priest, she was earnest, true, beautiful ; but as a woman exceedingly plain. The only handsome feature she had was her nose, and nothing can be made of that even by the most consummately vain. It is a fixture which can never be tortured into anything like availableness. But the soul speaks in the voice, and hers had all the depth of intonation, and all the flexibleness of a spirit like hers, always conversant with what is highest and best. I never heard her laugh, but her smile was just, not mortal.

And now for her story, which may be told in a few words. I had it from the old nurse after her death, who gave me the only record she had left behind her, — a short poem, which she would seem to have written at the time of her grief, and to have preserved with a convulsive and monkish feeling of penance. And now for the reason why my friend so hated marble mantels, — black marble mantels.

THE STORY.

MARGARET LINCOLN had always been a very plain girl; but having a mind of great clearness and order, she put the subject of personal attractions aside as a thing from which she was entirely set apart, and found herself content with the many resources of a virtuous and elegant life. She was high bred and amiable, and had a fortune at her own disposal, so that life might have seemed to promise well for her in spite of her plain face and slight twist of the shoulders.

Unfortunately she accepted an invitation to visit a cousin of hers, a handsome but giddy woman, whose house was the resort of the wealthy and the fashionable. Here the delicate assiduities of Mr. —, a man of intellect and refinement, won, not only upon the esteem, but the affections of Margaret; and she who had never felt a pulse thrill at the language of either flattery or love, found herself entirely absorbed in one who seemed to love her for the beauty of her soul, the fine issues of a fresh and earnest and loving spirit.

They were engaged for a length of time, waiting some business arrangements, and Margaret found

the whole world like a scene of enchantment. One feeling of distrust had never crossed her innocent mind. She thought so little of her own personal appearance, that she never questioned whether it weighed in the mind of her lover.

One day she was sitting by a table, writing a note, when, accidentally raising her eyes toward the black marble mantel, she found herself powerless to move them from the images therein reflected. She raised her eyes to herself in the opposite mirror and then glanced at the marble mantel, where she beheld her own beautiful lover, her own beautiful cousin. It was enough—they were both false, disloyal.

Again she glanced at her own reflection. In the agony of the moment, she grew hideous to herself. She even found herself making faces, distorting herself with instinctive disgust.

“Have n’t you finished that note yet, Maggie?” It was the musical tones of her lover. Poor girl! she tried to leave the room, but she fell down convulsed.

The false pair rushed toward her, and everything kind and gentle was uttered. She did not tell the cause of her emotion, and they always supposed it the prelude to a fever which followed. Margaret, in her weakness and lovingness, tried to forgive,—to forget. It was a trifle—the way of the world. But her heart told her it was an evil way, and she,

in the depth and singleness of her love, felt she could not abide the test. She could do better without love than with jealousy, and in the strength of her own womanly truth, she at length was able to withdraw herself entirely from the evil influence. Subsequent developments proved the justice of the course she adopted. Hence sprang her pious seclusion, and her entire devotion to the needs and the sufferings of humanity, and hence sprang the invariable axiom of my friend, an ugly woman should never love, or should avoid black marble mantels.

The following is the poem, the only record of Margaret Lincoln :

LOVE DEAD.

The lady sent him an image of Cupid, one wing veiling his face. He was pleased thereat, thinking it to be Love sleeping, and betokened the tenderness of the sentiment. He looked again, and saw it was Love dead, and laid upon his bier.

M. S.

This morn with trembling I awoke,
Just as the dawn my slumber broke:
Flapping came a heavy wing sounding pinions o'er my head,
Beating down the blessed air with a weight of chilling dread—

Felt I then the presence of a doom
That an Evil occupied the room —
And I dared not round the bower,
Chilly in the grayish dawning,
Dared not face the evil power,
With its voice of inward warning.

Vain with weakness we may palter —
Vainly may the fond heart falter,
Came there then upon my soul, dropping down like leaden weight,
Burning pang or freezing pang, which I know not, 't was so great;
Life hath its moments black unnumbered,
I knew not if mine eyes had slumbered,
Yet I little thought such pain
Ever to have known again —
Love dies, too, when Faith is dead,
Yesternight Faith perished.

I knew that Love could never change —
That Love should die seems yet more strange —
Lifting up the downy veil, screening Love within my heart,
Beating there as beat my pulse, moving like myself a part —
I had kept him cherished there so deep,
Heart-rocked kept him in his balmy sleep,
That till now I never knew
How his fibres round me grew —
Could not know how deep the sorrow
Where Hope bringeth no to-morrow.

I struggled, knowing we must part,
I grieved to lift him from my heart,
Grieving much and struggling much, forth I brought him sorrowing —
Drooping hung his fainting head — all adown his dainty wing,
Shrieked I with a wild and dark surprise —
For I saw the marble in Love's eyes —
Yet I hoped his soul would wait
As he oft had waited there —
Hovering, though at Heaven's gate —
Could he leave me to despair?

BEAUTY, VANITY, AND MARBLE MANTELS. 187

Unfolded they the crystal door,
Where Love shall languish never more —
Weeping Love thy days are o'er. Lo! I lay thee on thy bier,
Wiping thus from thy dead cheek every vestige of a tear —
Love has perished — hush, hush how they tell,
Beating pulse of mine, his funeral knell —
Love is dead, aye dead and gone;
Why should I be living on? —
Why be in this chamber sitting,
With but phantoms round me flitting?

THE WILLOW;

BY HARRIET WINSLOW.

O'ER the bark the willow bended,
Half in homage, half in grief;
Tears, with few faint smiles contending,
Stood on every leaf.

Joyous by the brook in passing,
Looked up with a sunny smile,
"Lovely weeper, why so silent,
Sorrowing all the while ?

Bend, sweet friend, a little lower,
Let me kiss thy tears away,
Share with me awhile thy sorrow,
Share my joys for aye."

And the streamlet leaped up laughing,
Playing with each pendant tress,
But she neither chid nor thanked him,
Weeping none the less;

And her form drooped low and lower,
Till those tresses trailed forlorn,
And on every wind her faint strains
Fitfully were borne.

Not another plaint she uttered,
Never told her secret woe,
Proud and lofty was her spirit,
As her form was low.

She had loved him deeply, solely,
He, the reckless, wandered on,
Mirroring a thousand fair forms,
But retaining none.

How unlike her rapt devotion,
Carrying soul and sense away,
Did his light and brief emotion
On the surface play!

Ah ! too late she saw her error,
Saw that he could never know,
Never feel th' exhaustless fervor
That had thrilled her so.

.

Pride with love contended fiercely,
And she could not, would not tell,
How like ice that dread conviction
On her fond heart fell.

Love with pride contended wildly ;
Ah ! it was a fearful strife !
Ere her pride her love could conquer,
It had cost her life.

For her form drooped low and lower,
Fainter fell her plaintive lay,
While her unavailing sorrow
Wore her life away.

THE SENTIMENT OF PETSHIP.

BY E. OAKES SMITH.

I HAD taken up my pen to write a story. I had created my heroine, endowed her with grace, and soul, and sentiment ; created a world adapted to the discipline of such a being ; created a true, and noble, and manly heart, to understand its affinities ; and then I had circumstance, trial, inward joy, and external suffering, all of which should develope the mystery of life, and its strange, sorrowful, and yet joyful affections. And thus the story rests in my own mind.

Not a word had been penned, but the creations were entire. The door opened, and a child came slowly in, breathing heavily, and in tears. "The dear little squirrel is dead."

* * * *

It was even so. I laid aside the pen, and we wept together. Yes, I am even now showering tears upon my paper.

For a squirrel?

It may be. The child certainly weeps for the squirrel only. It may be I weep from suggestiveness, in part. It may be that the spectres of buried griefs arise with their mournful presence before my mind, and will not turn aside :—it may be that the possibilities of the future, shadowy, pale-faced anticipations, trail white sack-cloth and ashes in the distance ; whatever it be, tears, bitter tears, start forth, and fall with those of the child, who, in all sincerity, weeps the one grief.

I am fond of pets. I cannot live without them, and my friends are always ready to gratify my taste in this way. Innumerable have been the doves, birds of all kinds, flowers, dogs, rabbits, guinea pigs, &c. &c., which have ministered to my harmless idiosyncrasy. All have died. Nothing remains but the flowers and a canary. I breathe freely again. I have received each and all with a painful, regretful pleasure. I knew they would perish, and trembled to have my tenderness thus awakened.

This may be childish. Let it be so. It is but the outer vestibule of the heart, and it may be best to linger there, amid the small rills that struggle to the light, keeping the deep fountain of feeling sealed up in its holiness.

There is a sentiment in pets. I once had a ter-rapin, which others called ugly and stupid. I knew

to the contrary. He had a choice in the garden; I could see this, and it inspired something akin to respect. He was not a creature of accident. At length his yellow spots began to wear the appearance of beauty to my eyes, and I struggled against the impression, for I would guard myself from the hazard of having that which is at variance with the principles of beauty, assume its aspect only from the power of contact. So I learned to regard this approximation, in my own mind, only as a prompting to the love of the true and the beautiful.

Then the terrapin became a pain to me. He suggested a standard which made his own defects but the more glaring. Yet he seemed to be grateful, I thought. He distinguished my voice, and would turn his long neck in the direction, and take bits of apple from my fingers. He would notice no one else in this wise. It grew sad to me, this attachment of a creature so low and imperfect. It grew painful. I began to pity him, as something with a struggling gleam of a higher nature. I could not endure this painful pity, and when a long, heavy rain came, and the earth was loosened about the garden walls, and the terrapin disappeared, it was a relief to me, as though the creature might be happier out of my influence.

Flowers are always beautiful gifts. We never lose sight of their fragility, and here the gratification

■

they afford, though momentary, is perfect. We never look for a response to our sentiment, and are therefore never disappointed by its absence nor incompleteness.

Canaries are somewhat like flowers in this respect. They awaken more of sentiment ; but they will not bear a caress, and seem too much like those brilliant hopes, forever beguiling the fancy, but eluding the grasp. I am not certain but they excite at times something like irritation, so pertinaciously do they crack their seeds, so inconsiderately splash the water even into your face, which you in your kindness brought with your own hands, in the vain hope of eliciting something like a response to your tenderness. Then, when all is over, the canary pours forth a flood of wild foreign melody, to please himself, not you ; and you turn away disappointed and vexed, that a creature that inspires so much sympathy in your breast, should be so utterly regardless, so bright, so melodious, and yet so cold.

I have never learned to love a cat. Their stealthy, mousing qualities are so repugnant to my own nature, that they give me a sense of discomfort. I know not why it is, yet I have never been able to keep one. I feed them with the greatest care, provide for their comfort, and yet they will not stay with me. I have thought the prejudice might be mutual ; that a cat feels, mesmerically, that I have

no real sympathy with her; that I am trying to cultivate a taste for the species, but have an original dislike; and she will not be used in this way:—she will not be made the medium of a development, and so she escapes my atmosphere.

The only sentiment I ever discovered in a cat, (I believe I am wrong to call it a sentiment,) was that of jealousy. I had a pretty spaniel, about the age of puss, and they had been so trained as to live together in great quietude: yet the dog felt he was the better liked, and with the confidence of a frank, honest and confiding nature, sat nearer my feet than puss would venture to do.

She learned this, and no sooner did I leave the sofa or rocking-chair, than she would spring into the seat, and look down upon Fidelle, with what to me seemed a sort of sardonic, feline complacency. It might have been prejudice on my part, but somehow, Fidelle, with his honest, straightforward attachment, disdaining all petty artifice and mean adulation, grew tenfold more engaging. If I caressed Fidelle, puss would be sure to insinuate her nose; and out of pure benevo'ence of heart, I gave a pat or two, but not heartily; and she must have felt it, for she left me. It was n't in the nature of things that I should love her—our natures were so unlike.

Guinea pigs are wholly animal. You cannot, in any way, infuse into them the shadow of a sentiment.

They have what children call a "cunning look;" but their rotund sleekness becomes, after a while, revolting; they make one think of Thompson:

"Round, fat, oily man"—

I will omit the other phrase.

I have once or twice had mice become entirely tame, in my room, playing about my writing table, eating crumbs in my lap, scrambling up the geraniums, and dividing cake and seeds with the canary; for I removed one of the glasses from the cage, to give one entrance, and these two dissimilar beings established a sort of friendship for each other.

At first, I presume, a mouse must have taken me for a fixture, as I sat indulging dream-fancies, and thus have approached me with as little ceremony as he did the beautiful Apollo in the corner, adown whose exquisite nose I have seen him run, without a shadow of remorse. Slowly he seemed to imbibe the truth that a kindly pulse was beating near him. I am certain I knew the point of time on which this conviction assumed definiteness in the mouse-brain. From that time a something like solemnity mingled with the mouse nature, something ennobled grew upon him. He was all mouse,—alert, dainty, arch and frolicksome, with the infusion of something bordering on the spiritual.

I loved this spontaneous trustfulness, this instinctive yielding up of affection, this pretty mouse credulity, never staying to question as to the being whose chord of sympathy he had touched. Yet was I not devoid of selfishness. I imagined a thousand perils would beset my favorite. I saw enemies on every side. There was a plot to ensnare him if but a curtain ruffled in the faint air.

Yes, I confess it. With shame of heart do I confess it. But for the entreaties of a nobler-minded friend, I *should have secured and caged* the sweet, trusting, grateful creature, whose life was designed to be one of freedom, and joy, and unconstrained action. True, he nibbled my papers; true, one night a cosey nest was made from the abstracted threads of my carpet; true, the books became Chinese walls and Babel observatories to his aspiring and exploring mind; yet, what were these trifling annoyances to the tenderness he awakened, and the many sentiments of which he became suggestive!

A mouse-colored rabbit, with white paws and ears, was for a long time mine. Yet I never dared to love it. These creatures are so timid, so fragile, that I avoid letting my sympathies go out. I used to watch his wild sports with real pleasure, and yet with an inward hope that some genial child would mistake him for a "Perdita," and take him away. This I believe was the case, and I was relieved from the sorrow of seeing him die.

Then came the squirrel, fresh, beautiful, full of life. I received it with a painful misgiving. These coquets of the woods had been favorites of mine in childhood. I had often seated myself beneath a tree to watch their antics. Their saucy scrutiny, their half chattering, as if they talked whimsically to a neighbor over the shoulder; the impudence with which they fixed themselves upon a bough, and cracked their nuts, dropping the shells purposely, it would seem, upon my head, amused me. They seemed like little droll men and women, who had taken to themselves pretty and fanciful forms, and were thus masquerading the woods. I loved their easy mischief, and off-hand sauciness, that looked always as if they knew better, but were bent upon acting out their caprices.

Their qualities are feminine. Genial, playful, and always with a conscious prettiness. Judge then how I was impressed by this beautiful creature, linking the past so to the present. I practised the greatest caution about it. One friend assured me she had kept a squirrel *four years*, and then it perished by accident.

Four years. I might that length of time indulge my harmless propensity. Four years I *might* have this sweet, graceful creature to love. The prospect was tempting. But then the lady who kept one so long, though gentle and sweet, had not my fondness

for pets. There was the difference. Hers might live, when mine might be lent me only as a portion of life's severe discipline of the affections. But then in four years one might prepare one's self for the loss of a pet.

Another friend had kept a squirrel nearly as long ; but then he took the precaution to give it away in anticipation of the fatal period, for he had before expended so much tenderness upon a dog, that he was fearful of a second attachment of the kind ; and I believe the squirrel became to him too much the suggestor of the perished love.

Well, the squirrel was received slowly into the affections. Admitted only occasionally into my room ; for I had made up my mind to be very cold and indifferent. He was uncommonly handsome. I would make him a ministry to a quiet vanity. I would show off my handsome pet. When a sentimental visitor came, the impudent little thing should be trotted out, and his cool sauciness became quite irresistible. "Heu Lachrymans."

He took great delight in scratching at the corners of books, as if he were making great ado about knowledge. He nearly gnawed the binding from Webber, so eager was he for mathematics. He treated the frippery of annuals with great contempt, never giving them so much as a nibble, while old, substantial, time-honored folios seemed to give him

almost an ecstasy, especially a half-bound Shakespeare.

There is a stuffed whippoorwill in my room, which he would pass with an easy off-hand acquaintance air, till, one day, finding it within his reach, he seemed disposed to a nearer companionship. Suddenly he drew back, and I am firmly of opinion that strange and fearful suspicions came into his innocent brain. I think his air changed. I heard a book fall soon after, and turning to pick it up, I found the poor thing had, whether purposely or not I shall not take it upon me to determine, thrown down the Vigil of Faith, that missal of the woods, and there was the following passage right before my eyes, as if to reproach me for the cruelty of keeping him a captive, and other vague cruelties to the motionless whippoorwill.

"Birds are in woodland bowers,
Voices in lonely dells;
Streams, to the listening hours,
Talk in earth's secret cells."

I was touched at the mute pathos of the appeal, as if the little creature would say, "if you withhold me freedom, why deny me tenderness?" I felt the justice of the appeal; if I kept him from woodland joys, from squirrel companionship, I should give something as an equivalent. From that time forth I took the dear one home to my sympathies. He

sat upon my lap, to crack nuts and arrange his dainty plume, which he washed, and brushed, and set jauntily over his head, with the air of a gallant cavalier. He took his wee hands, first one and then the other, and lapped and dressed them with the daintiness of a pretty woman at her toilet.

He perched himself upon the corner of my table, and looked on with such grotesque funniness as made me laugh at what he was about. I am sure he had a perception of the ridiculous, or he could never have got that particular look. He had nice little predilections, and obstinate prejudices, which made him doubly dear to me as indicating individuality, and making his fondness for me more marked and delightful. Some persons he would frolic with by the hour; others he would not allow for a moment in his presence; he would chatter, erect his fur, and unless these appearances were followed by a timely retreat of the obnoxious personage, he would fly at them, and, if the truth must be told, bite; nor were the marks of his teeth, by any means, pretty Undine indentures. In this way my pet made himself disagreeable to some persons, though never to me, who did not care that everybody should be free to love and admire him.

Some odors were exceedingly offensive to him, but the rose, so dear and genial to myself, filled

him with ecstasy ; a piece of velvet scented with rose was a luxury of luxuries to him, which he would toss about, caress, scamper about the room and back again, to rub against the sides of his head.

Alas ! my room is full of recollections of him.

And now I am done with pets. " Othello's occupation's gone." I will waste no more tenderness in this wise, but rather keep it

" Locked like a precious jewel "

in the heart. I will steel myself against " birds of the air, and beasts of the field, and all manner of creeping things." They shall never again appeal to my sympathy, nor awaken the shadow of a sentiment : " 'T is mockery all."

I had thought of a hound, a beautiful, slender hound, with silken ears and half human love, and super-human fidelity, as a desirable pet ; but now, "procul, oh ! procul !"

I once heard that a friend, who had enjoyed a favorite of this kind for twelve years, would never afterward venture upon a like attachment. Once I could not well comprehend this ; now the whole mystery is revealed to me, hidden before only because I had not reached the highest point in the sentiment of petship.

His dog, like my squirrel, had realized the ideal of a pet. No more sentiment could be awakened upon the subject ; and to attempt the thing, to reduce it to an ordinary habitude were a disloyalty, a profanation.

BROOKLYN L. I.

THE FORSAKEN.

BY ELIZABETH BOGERT.*

'T is like a thrice told tale—the history
Of disappointed love—yet there is less
Of fiction in the theme, than most things wrought
Into romantic stories. There was one,
A young and artless girl, not beautiful,
But full of intellect and sentiment.
High thoughts were hers, of honor and of worth,
And nobleness in man; and she endowed
Her worshipped idol with the attributes
Of her own fancy—pictures of the brain,
Drawn with a viewless pencil, dipped in tints
Dropped from the humid clouds, while all their gold
And purple hues were on them, in the light
Of sunset's glowing beams. A portrait, formed
Of such ethereal essence, could not bear
Perfect resemblance to a son of earth.
Yet she believed with woman's sanguine hope,
That she had found the bright original.

* Estelle.

There came a stranger to her rustic home—
Accomplished, young, and full of elegance
And manly beauty—not effeminate,
Nor trifling, nor yet vain, apparently;
But with an air of truth and dignity
Stamped on his brow—a firm and steady step—
A tongue, fraught with resistless eloquence:
The charm surpassing far all other charms
In man.

'T was that which won young Ethelinde
To listen and to love—yet she concealed,
Within the silent chambers of her heart,
Her secret thoughts; till separation's hour
Passed o'er the scene, and she was left alone.
Long time she dwelt upon his image, but
At length it faded into mist. Time drew
His curtain o'er the past. A thousand things
Came in unsought, to fill the vacancy
His absence left at first within her mind.
She would have been as happy then, as if
She ne'er had known him—but he came again—
Again he sought her peaceful, quiet home—
Again to Ethelinde he was the star
Of destiny. His brilliant eloquence
Came o'er her fancy, like the spoken voice
Of her bright dreams, which had been formed of air.
He talked to her of poetry, of books;
Creation's wondrous works; the sloping hills,
The forest beauties, and the deep, green vales;
The gliding rivers, and their flowery banks;
The star-gemmed heavens, and the world above;

Looking "through Nature, up to Nature's God!"
Of every thing he spoke which led to love,
But not of love itself—and Ethelinde
Drank in the passion all unconsciously.
He had too many powers for man to abuse,
And even many virtues—but *one* fault
Obscured them all. He was a *gambler* — most
Inveterate and irreclaimable.

This Ethelinde was told; but she disdained
The friendly warning, as a slanderous tale.
Those who spoke ill of him, she still believed
His enemies; and thus her heart was lost.
But yet with woman's pride, and innate sense
Of pure and delicate feeling, all her thoughts
Were hoarded in her bosom; and once more
They parted. Bitterly did she regret
That second meeting; for it left a cloud
Upon her early sun of happiness,
Which months could not dispel—and months passed on
Succeeding others, till they grew to years.
Forgetfulness had just begun to hang
Her coronal of poppies o'er her mind,
When suddenly, unlooked for, and again,
Like the dark genius of her fate, he came.
Coldly, at first, she bade him welcome. All
The past came rushing back to memory,
And she resolved to think of him no more.
Vain the resolve! It melted from her heart,
And she was listening to his tale of love.

At length he spoke with grace and dignity,
And gravely told the cause of his delay.
"He did not think she loved him,"—thus he said,—
"And he had striven to forget her; still
"Her image haunted him in every place,
"And he determined to return, and know
"From her own lips his future destiny."
To *plead* was his *profession*—'t was his *boast*,
Long afterward, to Ethelinde, how well
He'd learned to plead the subtle cause of love.
She never doubted *him*, nor his affection.
It would to her have been like sacrilege,
The very thought; yet he would seem to doubt
That he possessed *her* love—would call her *cold*,
And say she knew not how to feel like him.
But the true heart of Ethelinde well knew
The strength of its own feelings, and the power
Which he had over it; and silently
She heard him, with the consciousness that time
Would prove the love she durst not fully own.
And she reposed in confidence on *hope*,
And too securely dwelt in its frail bark,
Which was not made to brave the storms of life,
Without full many a wreck.

Man, fickle man!

Thy changeful nature is too oft the cause
Of woman's shipwrecked hopes and happiness!
But who would trust a *gambler*? He went forth
Into the world, and soon was lured again
Into temptation's path; and Ethelinde,
Her love, and her reliance on his truth,

Were all forgotten, swallowed up at once,
In that swift vortex, which but bore him on
To ruin's yawning gulf. Delirium's power
Was nothing to *that* madness! 't was in vain
He would have paused. His fate was on him. Nought
Could save him then, from fell destruction's gripe.
Too late he started to review the past!
His character was blotted with the stain
Of that black vice! His fortune sunk—his friends,
The light ephemerals, that flit around
The popular and gay, were all dispersed.
And where was Ethelinde? Could he return
To claim her promised hand, while poverty
Stared in his face? His pride forbade the thought,
And honor's voice was stifled. It might be
That he experienced something like a pang,
At his own base and cruel conduct—but
He left her, and she never knew the cause.

'T was long ere she believed his worthlessness:
Long did she "hope 'gainst hope"—but when, at length,
Slowly and surely the conviction came,
That she was quite forsaken, then her heart
Gave up its cherished idol. She could cease
To love the person, when the qualities
And virtues she supposed belonged to him,
Were proved to be ideal; yet none knew
The agony, the anguish of that knowledge.
Life had no light for her. Dark shadows fell
O'er every scene; and months, and even years,
Which followed listlessly in dull routine,
Were but a blank in her existence. Time

Flew by, uncounted and unmarked ; yet time
Brought reason to her mind. Reflection came,
And Ethelinde's proud spirit rose above
Its useless melancholy ; and once more
She mingled in society, and felt
She had *forever* broke the servile chain
Of her ignoble bondage. She was free —
More free than ever, now — for fancy's dreams
Had fled, and left her, calmly to look on
The living pictures of reality.

And could she love again ? Why not ?
Her young affections were as pure and deep,
As much her own, as if they ne'er had left
The heart from whence they sprung. They had returned
Unsullied, for 't was *Virtue's* fancied form
Round which they'd clung ; and when deceived,
Their only place of refuge was their home.
But she had lost her confidence in man.
Distrust came o'er her mind, and she but thought
Professions a disguise for *treachery*.
The world had lost its charms, and happiness,
So talked of by the crowd, appeared to her
But the enthusiast's dream. Her hand was sought
By many in her way ; and not in *pride*
Did she reject them — but there are crushed hopes
Which must have time ere they can rise again.
They are not like the transient flowers, which die
To bloom anew, as fresh and beautiful,
With the next summer's sun. They may revive ;
But seldom are their tints as bright and gay
As in their early blossoming. Too long

They feel the power of disappointment's blight ;
And if at length they overcome the shock,
The spring and spirit of their life is gone.

But, reader, would'st thou know the *gambler's* fate ?
He married, was unhappy in his choice ;
Struggled with care, and the embarrassments
Of shattered fortunes, for some tedious years
At last he triumphed over them—but health
Sank in the conflict. Pale consumption's form
Pursued his steps; and memory haunted him
With an accusing spirit of the past.
The vice which was his ruin, he abjured—
Too late for his own peace—but still he kept
His promised word—yet reformation came
Over his conscience, like the fitful smile
Which seeks to hide a broken heart. The thoughts
Were there which could not die. In manhood's prime
Existence was a burthen—and he said,
Himself, in speaking of his early faults,
“ Oh, they were deadly sins, for which a life
“ Of after-penitence has no atonement.”

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MOTHER.

BY LUCY K. WELLS,

Author of "A Mother's Plea for the Sabbath."

———"That thought's return
 Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
 Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn
 Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more."
Wordsworth.

It was the evening of the fourth of July, 18—. The day had been celebrated in a beautiful village on the banks of the Connecticut, by the formation of a Temperance Society,—a noble alliance of freemen, whose high purpose it is, to deliver our country from a thralldom more galling than the colonial yoke, more debasing even than the chains of African bondage. In an ancient, quiet-looking dwelling, which stood a little apart from the village, embowered in a luxuriant orchard, were assembled the numerous branches of the Melville family.

There were the venerable grand-parents, their children in the full vigor of active life, and their little ones, just springing into bright and joyous existence. Not a remembered sorrow dimmed the brow ; not an anticipated grief clipped the wings of hope and gladness in that domestic circle. The performances of the day were freely discussed, and they dwelt with exulting anticipations on the brighter day, which seemed dawning for our country.

“ I think, however,” said William, the elder brother, as he poured out a glass of bottled cider that sparkled like champagne ; “ I think our orator carried matters rather too far to-day. To propose banishing cider, the innocent produce of our own orchards, and wine, so salutary, as well as exhilarating, is certainly being zealous overmuch.”

“ I agree with you,” said Edward, a physician, putting a glass of old Port to his lips. “ No man is more friendly to temperance than I am ; and I doubt not the influence of my name has done much for the cause ; but the intemperate zeal of these partisans will ruin it.” His eye glanced at his mother as he spoke, who started, as if a dagger thrilled her heart. “ Dear mother,” said he affectionately, “ have I displeased you ? ” “ No, Edward,” she replied ; “ I am not angry with you ; but I am sorry you are not willing to lend all your influence to the good cause. I have lived long, and have

not been a careless observer of mankind ; and mark my words, *half-way measures will do no good.*" "Perhaps you are right," he replied thoughtfully. "But, how is it, dear mother, that you are so much in advance of the age ; that, while other aged people cling fondly to old habits and customs, your zeal outstrips even the young?" "I am no more in advance of others," she replied, "than I have always been. You know that I have never given you poison, in the form of distilled spirits. And, was it not one of my earliest lessons, to warn you against intemperance?" "True, most true, dear mother ; God bless you for it ! and it is to you we owe it, that we have escaped the ruin which has overwhelmed so many of our early associates. And you have your reward, our noble mother, in our steady habits, our prosperity and happiness this day. Had other mothers your foresight and discernment, so many grey-headed parents would not go down to the grave in sorrow." She shook her head mournfully. "Ah ! you are indebted, not to my superior discernment, but to lessons taught me by bitter experience, in early life. Come, gather around me, my children, that you may learn from my sad recollections, why I am ready to go all lengths with the advocates of temperance.

"My paternal home was in Pennsylvania. I was

eight years old when the revolutionary war commenced, but remember little of it till the third year, when my father shouldered his gun, and joined the patriots. Mother shed a few tears when he told her of his purpose ; but she had a soul worthy of the days of Washington, and she made no objection. I well remember the day he left us. It was a bright, balmy morning in June ; the enlivening music of the fife and drum was echoed back by hill and valley ; and, for a few moments, my young heart danced with ecstasy. But when I saw that he was gone, and remembered that he was to go in the midst of danger and of death, I wept bitterly. ‘Don’t weep, Bertha,’ said my mother ; ‘God Almighty will go before and bless him ; and if he falls, he cannot die in a better cause. In a few months, tidings came that a battle had been fought, and my father was wounded, and a prisoner. Then, indeed, mother wept. But her faith in God never wavered. ‘He is a Christian,’ said she ; ‘he was faithfully performing his duty to his country and his God ! It would indeed be sweet consolation, if I might see him once more ; but if it may not be, God’s will be done !’

In a short time, by an exchange of prisoners, he was released, and returned home. But wounds, and suffering, and neglect, had so enfeebled him, that he never again held up his head. He drooped

and wasted ; and just as the first wintry storms came on, he died. We had not thought his death so near. He was so calm and cheerful, so even animated, it seemed as if so much life could not die. My only brother was absent,— we were distant from neighbors ; mother and I were alone with the invalid. We perceived a change ; and, as mother bent anxiously over him, ‘ Mary,’ said he, ‘ I am dying. Dark days, I fear, are before you ; but God will be your protector ; trust in Him, and he will never forsake you. Tell George to remember my counsels, to be faithful to his country and his God ; and then his death-bed will be peaceful as mine. And you, my Bertha,’ said he, laying his hand on my head, as I sank on my knees beside him ; ‘ for your sake, my cherished one, I would willingly have remained a little longer in this world, that a father’s arm might shield you from temptation and danger. But God will be your father ; obey his commands, and never willingly give one pang to your mother’s heart. And now, my Mary, my thoughts wander. We have often prayed together, and I would once more hear your voice in prayer, before I join the hallelujahs around the eternal throne. With the self-devotion of a martyr did my mother kneel by that bed of death. Her own bursting griefs were suppressed, while her voice ascended, solemn and sweet, in fervent

supplication for the departing spirit of him who was next the Saviour in her heart. The spirit departed without a struggle. She closed his eyes, composed the stiffening limbs, and said, in a low, tremulous voice, 'the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be his holy name.' I am thus particular, that you may see the spirit of my noble mother; see that no common affliction could break or bow a heart like hers.

The war approached nearer; and it became necessary for us, either to abandon our home and our possessions, which were valuable, or acknowledge the authority of our country's oppressors. My mother did not hesitate a moment. 'Poverty,' said she, 'is nothing, if it comes in the path of duty. We have good health, and, with a clear conscience, we can earn a livelihood. And suffering would be preferable to bringing disgrace on the memory of your father.'

We left our pleasant home, and were exiles for some years; but her cheerfulness and energy never failed. She habitually spoke of her departed husband, not as dead, but as having gone home to heaven a little before her. To educate us so as to be worthy of him, and to fit us for that land where parting words are no more heard, was, with her, the great object of life. At the close of the war, we returned; and, though much had been destroy-

ed, enough yet remained. My brother was then eighteen ; I was two years younger ; and how many bright visions of happiness did we form ! In a short time, under his prudent management, pecuniary prosperity was restored, and our home became the seat of cheerful hospitality. George was a general favorite. He possessed my father's mild virtues, blended with mother's perennial cheerfulness and energy of character. From being early cast on his own resources, he had acquired a maturity of mind uncommon at his age ; and our hearts reposed in him, with unwavering confidence. There we had garnered up all our earthly hopes ; and we never thought it possible he could change, or that temptation to evil could overcome him. He was gifted, too, with an uncommon share of manly beauty ; and often have I seen mother's eye follow him, with admiration and delight, amidst a gay circle of young friends, where he seemed the dispenser of light and happiness to all. I know not one respect, in which we could have wished a change, except, that this world was his only portion. When mother would entreat him to secure that priceless pearl, compared with which the richest treasures of earth are valueless, he would say gaily, yet affectionately, ' dear mother, I will never do anything to dishonor the memory of my father ; but the world is so bright before me, I cannot yet think of death and

eternity.' Poor boy! he built his hopes upon the sand; he knew not how powerless is the human heart alone, to resist temptation.

Our side-board was plentifully stored with choice wines and liquors; and the generous, hospitable spirit of George induced him to push the bottle freely among the gay young friends who sought his society. It was the custom of all,—we dreamed of no danger. But after a time, I could not be blind to the fact, that the mornings after these convivial parties, saw him dull and spiritless, and sometimes irritable. He began to resort more frequently to the side-board, and I noticed that wine was now his favorite, but the brandy bottle was resorted to. Still I scarcely feared for him, so blinded was I by custom and affection. But at length, one fatal night, the veil was torn from our eyes; he was brought home intoxicated. Oh! what a sight for a mother and a sister; to see a being so gifted, thus prostrated; reduced for a time to drivelling idiocy. We could not talk of it, but wept and prayed, in silence and alone. When recollection returned, he was inexpressibly mortified, and solemnly resolved he would never again be thus degraded. 'Indeed,' said he, 'now I am young, I believe I do not need spirit. I will drink nothing but wine; and then, dear mother, you know I shall be safe.' 'Spoken worthy of your father, my noble boy; and may

your father's God help you to keep your resolution !' Alas ! we knew not then, that, in *total abstinence from all that can intoxicate*, was his only safety. Had we but known this simple remedy, he might have been saved. All then, with one consent, pronounced alcohol, in some form, both useful and necessary. To this fatal error was my highly-gifted brother sacrificed. But to return to my story. For a time he took wine only, and we thought him safe ; indeed, we looked on him with new joy and pride, as one who had broken a galling yoke from his neck. But his soul was yet enslaved by the all-conquering thirst. In a few months the brandy bottle was again resorted to, and again did he fall before it. The entreaties of his anxious mother were repeated, and once more did he promise and resolve ; but every succeeding effort to be free was fainter and more feeble ; while his moral power and self-respect were lessened by every fruitless attempt. He became fearfully changed ; the house of God was deserted ; the bible unopened. Kindness and intelligence no longer beamed from his eye. He was harsh, irritable, and, I shudder to remember it, — dreadfully profane. But my heroic mother bore up under it wonderfully. 'There is yet hope,' she would say ; 'it cannot be that the son of such a father, the child of so many prayers, should go down to the drunkard's grave.'

For some time he had heard her admonitions with such heartless indifference, that she had ceased to warn him. But after some hours spent alone, in fervent prayer, I doubt not in his behalf, she made one more effort to touch his heart. 'You know, George,' said she, 'how dearly I love you, for your own, and your departed father's sake. But I would rather follow you to the grave, than see you go on in your present course.' 'Mother,' he replied, 'it is of no use for you to talk; I cannot live without brandy, and I must drink it.' 'Oh, my son! would to God I could die for you! but you are lost.' 'Do I not know it, mother!—*Lost, lost; all is lost!* has rung in my ear for months. I am wretched; my character is gone; my power over myself is gone; I am a slave, and no one cares for me,' he added gloomily, and striding with hasty steps across the room. 'But you can resist the power of appetite; you may yet be saved.' 'No, mother,' he replied, in a hoarse, husky voice; 'I cannot,—there is no hope. All my high expectations, all my cherished hopes will go down to the drunkard's grave. I know all this; and yet I have no power to resist my infernal appetite: no; I am dead to virtue,—dead to hope. And you, mother; *you have been my murderer!*' A groan of anguish burst from my mother's heart. 'My child, what have I done?' 'What have you done! Why, you have given me

wine and spirit, when I was well, to keep me so, — when I was sick, to cure me, — when alone, as a medicine : and when in company, because it was the fashion. And now, when the fetters are bound upon me, and my strength is gone, you warn me of my danger, and entreat me to escape. True, you have done nothing but what others do ; for you are all rearing a race of drunkards ; and thirty years hence, our country will be a proverb and a by-word among the nations. I should like to live to see that day,' he added, with a bitter smile ; for then, no one will dare whisper a word against intemperance ; and the finger of scorn would not then be pointed against me ; for I should have with me the mother's hope, and the father's pride ; and the strong, and the noble, and the free, would bow alike before the destroyer. Yes ! ye are all doing the demon's work, from pure good will ; and there he is now, grinning, and beckoning me to follow him. Oh ! save me !' he exclaimed, staring wildly at vacancy, and shrinking, with a look of unutterable horror. That look, and those words, struck like ice upon my heart ; for I saw that he had, indeed, become what we had long feared — a *maniac*.

* * * * *

I will not attempt to tell you of the long months of heart-breaking sorrow that followed. It would have been a bitter cup, had it come directly from

the hand of our heavenly Father. How bitter, those alone can tell, who have seen their loved ones writhing beneath the untold agonies of the maniac. They told me that the insane were unconscious of suffering. But, alas ! no one could look upon the face of George, or listen to his wild and fearful imaginings, and say there was no suffering there. All this we witnessed ; but the bitterest ingredient in our cup of anguish, was to feel, to our heart's core, that he had brought it on himself ; that ignominy and disgrace were there ; and that the world, too, saw it. Soon, however, even this feeling was buried in the deeper fear that he might die thus — die without a season for repentance. I bent like a willow beneath the blast : for weeks, my days and nights were spent in weeping. Still, my mother yielded not. Though the fierce phantoms of his bewildered brain were all directed against her ; though her life was often endangered by the being she loved so tenderly, yet day and night did she watch over him with untiring love. Her words, too, spoke of hope ; though I sometimes thought despair had stamped his signet on her care-worn brow. Three months passed thus : and, from mere exhaustion, the strength of his phrenzy began to abate, while a trembling hope dawned upon us, that reason might be restored. He was calm and quiet, and we ceased to watch him so closely. He

escaped from the house : for a while we sought him in vain. There was a river near our dwelling ; and in two hours after, he was brought back a stiffened corse.

* * * * *

There is a fearful blank upon my memory. I recollect nothing for some hours ; but, when I awoke to consciousness, the first object that met my view was my mother, stretched upon a couch, pale and motionless as a statue. She neither spoke nor moved, and her slow, heavy breathing, alone told that life was there. The voice of prayer rose for her, but she heard it not ; and the weeping sympathy of friends fell unregarded on her ear. At length, an intimate friend, who had been a mother, but was now childless, came in. After looking at the sufferer for a moment in silence, she took from a drawer a beautiful miniature of George, painted when he was but five years old. Turning around it a lock of his glossy black hair, she took me by the hand, and we knelt with it before my mother. It had the desired effect. After gazing for a moment as one bewildered, she pressed the picture to her lips, and drawing me to her bosom, the fountain of tears was unsealed. She wept. She soon appeared calm ; and, when we were left alone, knelt with me before the mercy seat, and supplicated for supporting grace in this hour of agony.

A few weeks saw her again attending to her domestic duties ; but ' she never smiled again.' She never spoke of her affliction, but shrunk, with a convulsive shuddering, whenever it was named to her. We slept together, and, night after night, I missed her from my side ; but on her return, she had always some apology ready to quiet my fears.

One night she was gone, and I thought I heard a low moaning in the parlor that adjoined our sleeping apartment. I arose, and, stealing to the door, opened it softly. There I saw my mother, with only her night clothes, though it was winter, bowed down over the dying embers, weeping and wringing her hands in agony ; then, looking at the portrait of George, which hung over the mantel, she murmured, ' murdered, — murdered. You said so ; — yes, murdered my own child ! my first-born, my only boy !' Overcome by my emotions, I returned to my room. I knew then that her heart was breaking, and I should soon be left in the wide world alone. Night after night was this repeated, and each morning was her step more feeble ; while her pallid face

*" Told a mystery of woe,
That no human tongue could speak."*

This could not last long ; and, in a few weeks, she became too feeble to rise from her bed. I en-

treated her to call a physician ; and she consented, with a readiness that sent a beam of hope to my heart ; for I fancied she was desirous to live for my sake. Alas ! I knew not that it was the passiveness of an exhausted spirit. The physician came ; he was a man of worth, distinguished alike for skill in his profession, and knowledge of those hidden springs of thought and feeling, so often the mysterious source of diseases that mock the healing art. After a few inquiries, he sat silent, apparently absorbed in painful thought. I arose to leave the room ; but, with a faint smile, she beckoned me to stay. ‘ My dear girl,’ said she with deep tenderness, I have nothing to conceal from you now, for all will soon be over with me. Doctor, your skill and kindness will be alike unavailing. My heart is broken ; and this weary, aching head will soon repose where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.’ The doctor was a christian ; he entreated her to remember that the grace of Jesus Christ was sufficient for every hour of trial. He reminded her of the sustaining power of heavenly consolations under former trials, especially when her beloved husband was taken from her.

‘ I know it, I know it,’ she replied ; ‘ blessed be my heavenly Father ! he did not leave me comfortless. But what was that drop of sorrow, compared with this full tide of overwhelming anguish !

He was a christian ; he died a martyr in a holy cause. I could weep without shame over his grave ; and, above all, hope to meet him again in heaven. But, for my boy ! my boy !' After a short pause she resumed. ' Had it been a brother, who was beyond my reach, — a husband, whom I had no power to control, — I could have prayed from the heart for submission. My conscience would then have been clear ; and, with an unwavering tongue, I could have said, amidst the desolation of my earthly hopes, *it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.* But it was my own bright and beautiful boy, whom I had pillowed on my bosom in helpless infancy, whose steps I had guided in tottering childhood, and who had lisped his earliest prayer by my knee. His immortal spirit was committed to me for guidance ; he looked to me for counsel and direction. I might have saved him, but I did not ; and the last time he called me mother, it was to accuse me as the murderer of his soul ! * * * * I did it ignorantly ; and God, I trust, has forgiven me. But I feel assured the time will come when these practices will be seen in their true light ; and wo to those mothers who shall *then* be instrumental in the ruin of their children. Then, broken-hearted though they may be, for them, this sweet prayer cannot be offered : *Father, forgive them, they knew not what they did.* I

humbly trust my Saviour thus intercedes for me ; and, though this withered heart can never again beat with the glad pulses of earthly joy, I shall soon be where all tears shall be wiped from my eyes.'

She lived just three weeks after this ; and they were days of sweet, though mournful communion. All restraint and concealment were now at an end. She could talk of her sorrow with calmness and resignation ; and, as she approached the dark valley, light from the open portals of heaven beamed upon her soul, and illuminated her countenance with the radiance of an angel. Such was my sympathy with the glorious visions that beamed on her enraptured view, that when her lamp at last went out, without a struggle, — when I saw that the glorified spirit had left behind the body of pain and suffering, — strong faith triumphed over my grief, and I was ready to exclaim, I give thee joy, my mother !

You may think it strange, my children, that many of these circumstances I have never named to you before. I have felt that I could not do it. To awaken these remembrances, to embody, and endow them again with life, is a task most painful. But I feel that this may be the crisis of your fate ; that on the decision you should form this day, might depend your safety and that of your children, for generations yet to come. You have heard my sad,

simple story. To you, my daughters, do I especially commend it. Heaven grant, that you may so discharge your duty to your children, that you may never know the anguish that broke my noble mother's heart !”

PROPHECY OF THE FLOWERS.

"THOSE only can tell,
 Who have loved as young hearts can love so well,
 How the pulse will beat, and the cheek will be dyed,
 When they have some *love-augury tried*.
 Oh! it is not for those whose feelings are cold,
 Withered by care, or blunted by gold,
 Whose brows have darkened with many years,
 To feel again youth's hopes and fears —
 What they now might blush to confess,
 Yet what made their spring-day's happiness."

I M P R O M P T U .

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

Ah, Blanche, I care not what they say of Flora —
 Those musty pedants all begrimed with ink so —
 The flowers ne'er found their priestess and adorer
 Till thou and I were in the fields to think so!

Talk they of "time?" Who "notes" it more than *we* do,
When blowing "four-o'clocks" whole days together?
And our sweet learning, like "the busy bee," do
We not treasure, love, for life's cold winter weather?

Let the vile crowd then "improve each shining hour,"
Wringing earth's dross from hardy hands that till it;
I'll "gather honey from each opening flower"
While Blanche's lips are near me to distil it!

THE LOVER'S TALISMAN;

OR THE SPIRIT BRIDE.

BY E. OAKES SMITH.

"ANNA," said the young collegian, "you are a noble girl—no die-away airs, because your lover is so long absent; no making all the rest of your admirers feel that they are just the last persons in the world that you care anything about—no, no; you are not so selfish as all that, Anna."

A shadow passed over the face of the fair girl, and the smile died away upon her lips.

"Indeed, cousin, this *might* be a cutting reproach; but you do not intend it as such—I know you do not."

"Never," said the youth passionately; "I meant only to commend my cousin's sweetness of temper—her constancy is——"

Anna raised her finger.

"I have issued my interdict upon that score, cousin ; but do you know I have a Talisman that will ensure me the constancy of William—and it is of a kind, too, that is valueless in case of fickleness upon my part?"

"Indeed ; initiate me into its mysteries, Anna ; there are a pair of blue eyes, which I should like amazingly to fix for me alone ; and when you are married, sweet coz, perhaps your Talisman will be transferable."

"Aunt can describe its virtues best, cousin George ; and if she will tell you the story of Hannah Newton, you will never be at a loss to understand the nature of the Lover's Talisman."

Mrs. B., the aunt, raised her eyes from her needle, and a faint smile played over her placid features. She was an unmarried lady of nearly fifty, dressed with great simplicity, her gray hair neatly parted over her forehead, which was still smooth and fair. The plain muslin cap, with its white satin strings, denoted a member of the Society of Friends.

"Thee is very fond of that story, Anna ; but thee must not rely too much upon the power of the Talisman, as thee calls it ; for ours is the constant sex, Anna, and we remember long, it may be, after we are forgotten."

I observed a faint blush stole to her cheek as she uttered this, and for the first time I began to ask

myself why Mrs. B., (I use the English term of Mrs. as applied to ladies of a certain age, as I think it dignified, and altogether proper,) with all her sweetness of manner, and feminine excellences, should still have remained, like "the last rose of summer, left blooming alone." But the tone of the voice, the fitting blush, and more than all, the sentiment she had expressed, revealed to me at once a record of wasted affections, of lonely watching, and midnight tears, of the bitterness of sorrow, known only to Him who seeth in secret, and of that "concealment, that preyeth like a worm in the bud," upon the human heart.

Mrs. B. from that time became with me an advocate for the whole sisterhood of those who are to seek for a kindred spirit among the pure essences of the invisible world, instead of the grosser elements of earth. She told the story with a grace and pathos that I dare not even hope to transfer to my pages. I can only give the details, leaving my readers to imagine the many fine touches of feeling and beauty, which could be imparted only by the lips of Mrs. B.

THE STORY OF MRS. B.

Hannah Newton, at sixteen, was merely a quiet, sweet-looking girl, with small pretensions to beauty,

for she had nothing of that regularity of feature and brilliancy of complexion, that are supposed to be essential to it. She was neither a blonde nor a brunette, but a mixture of both ; her eyes were neither black nor blue ; they were, I believe, hazel ; but they owed much of their power to long, curved lashes, which veiled their extreme tenderness of expression, and made them appear much darker than they really were. I say this of Hannah in the early part of her life, for at thirty she was called beautiful by those to whom an elevated expression of countenance, combined with softness and grace of manners, constitutes beauty.

Her mother was a pale, gentle woman, with large blue eyes, who had always been an invalid, and whose delicacy of look and demeanor contrasted strongly with the rough, harsh manners of her husband. Constant ill health had made her winning and dependent as a child ; yet beneath all this softness of exterior, she carried a fixedness of principle, an elevation of mind, and strength of purpose, that had their full share of influence over her stern, imperious companion. Whatever might have been his previous irritation of feeling, no sooner did he enter the presence of his wife than all traces of it disappeared, even as if his rigid brow had been swept by the wing of his good angel.

Hannah had inherited all the fine womanly qual-

ities of her mother, superadded to an excellent constitution, and a dash of her father's energy of will. It was well for her that it was so, for even from a child the duties of a woman had been exacted from her, and she was at once sister and mother to the little group about the domestic hearth. As she approached maturity she became the friend and companion of her mother, the nurse of her sick room, and even the utterer of her religious faith and devotion, as physical suffering sometimes dimmed the vividness of exalted truths. At such times the high-minded girl might be seen kneeling by the bedside, and, with clasped hands, pouring forth the simple, fervent prayer of a young heart, deeply responding to the blessed truths of revelation.

The mother pressed her to her bosom with tears and blessings, for her progress to the tomb was made a pleasant pilgrimage while cheered and supported by such a child.

At this time an addition was made to the little family, in the person of a youth of rare piety, and such powers of intellect as to warrant the elders in setting aside their ordinary rules, for his benefit. Andrew Horton was an orphan, left penniless by his young parents, who both died of an epidemic when he was scarcely a year old, bequeathing this, their only earthly gift, to the charity of the church. He became, as it were, the property of the church, and

each individual of it claimed a right to discharge kindly offices in behalf of the little orphan. As he grew up, it was evident he was not unworthy of their solicitude. He was of rare modesty, deep piety, and such wonderful intellectual endowments, that all eyes turned to him, as one destined to become a leader in Israel, — a burning and a shining light in the temple of the Lord. Unusual care was bestowed upon his education ; as was meet for one who was hereafter to become the expounder of the Word, and a voice to the people of the Lord.

Friend Newton had now claimed his privilege of entertaining, at least for one year, the favored youth, while he should prosecute his studies, and engage in those acts of devotion and piety which so much engrossed his affections, and were so appropriate for one called to his high and holy vocation.

Mrs. Newton listened to the lofty utterance of prayer, from the lips of the pious young man, with a new strength, and felt her faith quickened and her hopes elevated, while she heard the truths of her religion explained and illustrated, in his clear, vigorous manner, with the glowing language of his aspiring imagination and fervency of spirit.

Hannah, always retiring, and occupied with household matters, had little time for converse with the youth ; but, in the secrecy of her own heart, she sat even at his footstool, and imbibed not only the stores

of wisdom from his lips, but the far more dangerous lessons of youthful love.

Andrew Horton scarcely noticed the quiet, unobtrusive maiden, so occupied was he in his studies and devotions. But when it became necessary for him to accept the hospitality of another of the brethren, he started to perceive how often the image of Hannah mingled in his dreams, and obtruded upon his meditations. He missed everywhere her sweet voice and placid smile, and felt that she must henceforth be to him what no other maiden ever could become.

The affliction of the little family, occasioned by the increasing illness of Mrs. Newton, seemed to justify his frequent visits, and Andrew Horton, more than once, upon his return from the bedside of the dying, threw himself upon his knees, and besought forgiveness from the Father of spirits, that his visits should have been rather the promptings of earthly attachment, than those of a high and holy sense of duty.

All sternness and pride of manhood forsook Friend Newton, as he stood by the side of his dying wife. He threw himself upon his knees, pressed her thin hands in his own, and the tears streamed from the eyes even of the strong man. Andrew Horton was there, and his rich deep voice breathed the language of prayer. He ceased—the soul of the sufferer had taken its flight upon the wings of

his lofty aspiration ; the mystery of life had ceased in the cold form before him.

Hannah arose with pale cheek, and approached the bereaved husband.

“Go with me, my father,” she said, gently putting her arm in his, while she pressed her lips to his pale, damp brow. The old man arose with the docility of a little child, and she led him forth to an inner room, where none might witness the agony of that moment. When she had placed the large arm chair for him and adjusted the cushions, he opened his arms to his child, and she fell upon his bosom. It was an unwonted tenderness, for Mr. Newton had never expressed anything like it for any other being than his wife. Now that she had left him, he yearned for some heart to which he might reveal the burden of his sorrows.

“Thee has been a dutiful child, Hannah, though I may never have told thee so before. It always grieved Hannah, that I expressed so little tenderness for thee ; but it was n’t in me—I could n’t do it—but I love thee just as well, child. And I might have made thy mother a great deal happier, but for my stern, hard ways. Oh, Hannah, Hannah ! the grave is the revealer of all hearts. What would I not give to hear her say once again that she forgives me !” And the old man bowed his head upon the bosom of his daughter, and wept like a little child.

Hannah had wept too, but she felt that she ought not to witness the humiliation of her parent, and she raised her head calmly—

“Thee has ever been a good father to us all; and my mother loved and blessed thee to the last.”

“Hannah, Hannah, I was unworthy of thee!” His voice was choked by a gush of tears.

Hannah turned to the bible and read a part of the fourteenth chapter of John: “I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you:” and gradually the anguish of her father became soothed, and he pressed her again to his heart, saying—

“Thy voice is like thy mother’s, Hannah, and thee will be to me all that a child can be; I know thee will; and I will subdue my nature for the sake of thee and the little ones.”

He kept his word;—from that day a gentleness was infused into his manners, and a tenderness of feeling hitherto unknown. If occasionally his former spirit gained the ascendancy, he went alone to the chamber that had witnessed the suffering and death of one so gentle; and, when he returned, it was as if her mantle had fallen upon him.

Andrew Horton found himself the pupil, rather than the teacher of the noble girl; and his own zeal and piety were strengthened by his intercourse with her. They had exchanged their pledges of fidelity, and Andrew was about to leave the vicinity to pros-

ecute his mission in a distant field. It would be many years ere he would return. Hannah, in the multiplicity of household avocations, in attendance upon her sick mother, in the exercise of her own religious views, to which the silent worship of their sect afforded ample encouragement, had imbibed a lofty enthusiasm, a shade of spiritual mysticism, little in accordance with the practical faith of her people. She had watched the operations of her own mind, and compared them with circumstances and events, till she saw a mysterious connexion between them, and even at times was led to a something verging upon the spirit of prophecy. She delighted to dwell upon the inter-communication of mind with mind, and the power which she believed it had to influence a congenial spirit, even though separated at ever so great a distance. The mind was unsubjected to the laws of the body ; it traversed the fields of space, and lived in the past as well as the present. Even the future, under certain circumstances and states of the mind, she believed might be revealed to it. Why then should not the intense thoughts of the human mind, especially when directed to an object of attachment, go forth like winged messengers and work their influence upon the distant and beloved ? For this reason, she said, she would keep her thoughts and imaginations pure, that no emanation from her own mind should mis-

lead the conceptions of another ; that no unhallowed emotions should ever be associated with her in the minds of those she loved.

Andrew Horton listened to these mystical views of the lofty girl, until his own mind shared a portion of her enthusiasm. If it were a weakness, or an error in judgment, it was at least a harmless illusion, which, to them, would only purify and exalt ; while it could never mislead another. Therefore he gave himself up to the beautiful idea that established a perpetual intercourse between himself and Hannah, in the long period of absence.

"I do not ask," said Hannah, "whether I shall be forgotten. Thee cannot forget me, unless I cease first to think upon thee. For, oh ! Andrew, I can never forget thee ; and the emanation of my thoughts will momentarily create an image of myself within thy mind. Dost thou realize, my friend, what it is to love one like me ? Thee can never forget me, even should thee desire it ; for my thoughts, fixed as they will be upon thee, will forever present an intense image of myself to thy mind. Thee may cease to *love*, but thee cannot cease to think upon me. I hold the talisman that will ensure me this. But, oh ! Andrew, when thee shall cease to love, when thee shall *desire* to forget me, think not I can remain ignorant of the fact. No, never. Should the affections of either become cold, the image of that

one will fade from the vision of the other. He may retain the memory, but that vivid impression which brings up the eloquent eye, the speaking lip, and the very tones and look of endearment, will grow less and less distinct, till it shall fade altogether away. Now, Andrew, this must be the case with thee. My image will be forever distinct to thee, for I can never cease to think upon thee. But should thine fade from my mind's eye, alas! I shall know too well how to interpret it."

Andrew Horton's brow contracted.

"Hannah, I did not expect this from thee. Have I ever given thee cause for distrust?"

"Never, my friend," she said, laying her hand upon his; "but thee will have many snares to encounter, Andrew. Beautiful faces will look up to thee in thy holy ministrations; timid maidens, who will flatter more the pride of thy heart than ever Hannah could, will tremble and weep at the fervor of thy eloquence, and come to thee as to a spiritual guide. Would it be surprising then, if vows to one like me should be forgotten?"

The youth trembled under her searching, anxious glance; but he drew the hand to his bosom and kissed the lofty brow of the impassioned girl. Hannah's head fell upon his shoulder, and tears started from her eyes.

"Hannah, thou hast a lofty soul, and thy love is

to me dearer than aught upon earth. Do not distrust me, Hannah. I shall have thy prayers and thy blessings, and that mystery of inter-communication of thy soul with mine, which of itself will be an amulet to preserve me from danger. All that is noble and pure in life is associated with thee, and thou well knowest it is in contemplations like these that I delight."

Two years passed away, and the smile grew faint upon the lip of Hannah. She had taken the child, who was an infant at her mother's death, upon her knee, and its cheek rested upon her bosom.

"Hannah, dear, do n't thee humber," said the child, lifting its eyes to her face.

"Humber! my dear;—what does that mean?"

The little one heaved a deep sigh. "There, to do so, sister,—that was a humber."

Hannah felt the tears spring to her eyes.

"No, Georgy, I wont do so any more. It is wrong. I must make thee feel quite happy."

The child kissed her cheek many times, and put his arms about her neck, calling her a dear sister.

From that time Hannah went about her daily avocations, with a strong purpose to forget her own sorrows in ministering to the happiness of others. The child had taught her to feel the selfishness of concealed suffering, and she wrestled in prayer for strength to sustain her under the many trials of her

lot. She felt a strong internal conviction that Andrew Horton had ceased to regard her with his former attachment. Impressed with this belief, she wrote a letter in answer to one of his, from which I shall extract a few sentences.

“Thy letters reach me with the same punctuality as ever, and their language is still tender ; but, Andrew, the spirit is wanting. It is as if the sentiments turned to ice under thy pen. There should be no disguise between us. Thee should never attempt it with me, Andrew, for I can divine all. Thy image has almost faded from my sight, and I know that thee *desires* to forget me. The vows that bind thee to me have become shackles. It would more become thy calling, Andrew, if thee would tell me so at once ; for deceit must be painful to thee. I absolve thee from thy vows, my friend ;—thou art free to do as seemeth to thee good. I will even try to forget thee, that my image be not troublesome, as I know it will be if I continue to think upon thee. My thoughts, fixed on thee, will perpetually create in thy mind an image of myself, which I would not do if thy affections are fixed upon another.

“Farewell, my dear friend ! I say it for the last time, and thee will forgive the utterance. Do not distress thyself upon my account. I was made for endurance—it is a woman’s destiny. I would

forgive thee if I had aught to forgive ; but the affections are not to be schooled, like wayward children. I cannot even now believe they are transferable. Farewell ! and may thee be very, very happy."

In the reply of Andrew Horton he confessed all. Hannah had indeed divined the truth. He spoke of a sweet, gentle girl, whose witchery had chased the love of Hannah from his heart. But he implored her forgiveness, he deprecated his own fickleness of heart, and conjured Hannah to forgive him, forget him, and be happy in some new attachment.

Hannah's proud lip curled in scorn, and she laid the letter upon the coals of the hearth. She went about her accustomed duties with a new pride, — a womanly spirit of endurance, that knowing the worst had nerved itself for the trial.

Ten years passed away, and Hannah had become like unto Deborah in the estimation of her people. Her proud beauty, her fervent piety, and the burning power with which she sometimes expounded the truths of her religion, had raised her up to be a leader amongst her people ; — little short of a prophetess, indeed, did she seem to many, as she held forth in the congregation.

It was rumored that Andrew Horton would return, and explain the scriptures once more in the place of his nativity. Hannah took her seat early among the

matrons—for time had abated nothing of the interest with which she once regarded him, although it had become modified by the circumstances in which he was now placed. Ten years had elapsed since the reception of that last letter, yet Hannah Newton felt her limbs tremble as she found herself once more in the presence of Andrew Horton.

She raised her eyes as a stranger sat down upon the form beside her. It was the bride of Andrew Horton—a fragile, fair girl, whose eyes were fixed upon her husband through the whole exercises, as if the only divinity she worshipped were vested in the manly form of the preacher. As the rich tones of his voice once more broke upon Hannah's ear, and she encountered those deep, passionate eyes, she closed her own, for a new weight of misery seemed pressed upon her heart. Why had he returned, to do away, at a glance, that firmness which it had cost her years to acquire?

Hannah was quite alone when friend Horton called. She arose with native self-possession, and spoke to him as to a brother.

The preacher struggled for utterance.

“Hannah,” he at length said, “I have taken this long journey only upon thy account. I have come to implore thee to forget me. Thee has had much to forgive, Hannah; but thee cannot have suffered as I have done. When I took the hand of

my bride at the altar, thy form seemed to come between me and her—and, oh, Hannah ! I felt then, and have not yet ceased to feel, that thou art the wife of my spirit.”

“ Andrew Horton, I must not listen to this. Thee wrongs the fair girl who lives only in thy smiles. Why didst thou return to bring new sorrow to my heart, and to plunge thee deeper in sin ? ”

“ Hannah, I returned not for this, but to implore thee to forget me. Thee cannot have forgotten that inter-communication of spirit with spirit, of which we used to talk. I feel its full power now ; for thy image is ever with me, and daily am I taught to feel the constancy of thy attachment.”

“ Why shouldst thou return to tell me this ? I think of thee, Andrew, as the husband of another. I pray for thy happiness, thy usefulness, and that thee may be preserved from temptation. Friend Horton, this is unworthy of thee. I forgive thee ; but let us part.”

“ Nay, Hannah, thee must hear all. I come not to speak of aught that might wrong my bride ; no, it is for her sake as well as my own, that I implore thee to forget me. When her cheek is pressed to mine, I see only thee, Hannah. When she sleeps upon my bosom, with her fair arms about my neck, it is thy form and thy arms that seem to entwine me. I shrink from her caresses as from a deadly sin, for

I bestow them as unto thee. Mary is as a sister unto me ; but thou, Hannah, art the bride of my spirit."

Hannah turned deadly pale, and covered her face with her hands, while low moanings escaped her heaving bosom.

"Andrew, I foresaw all this when I warned thee of the peril of loving one like me. I knew the nature of thy sex—delighting in the timid, the trembling and dependent—and that should one like this cross thy path, the love of Hannah would be a shackle. It is as I foresaw—but I will not reproach thee, Andrew ; it was thy nature."

"And most bitterly have I suffered. My broken vows have rung a perpetual knell in my ears, and barred up the avenues to enjoyment. The loving, the trusting Mary, hath been the victim of my error ; and thee too, Hannah. The blight hath fallen from me upon two spirits, of whom the world is not worthy. Wo, wo is me !" And he pressed his hand to his brow, for the large veins were swollen, and rigid with the intensity of his suffering.

Hannah laid her hand gently upon his shoulder.

"Andrew Horton, thou art called not to ease and enjoyment, but to labor and trial. Gird thyself for the contest, and be strong even in the strength of the Most High. I will strive once more to forget thee. But, oh God ! have I not striven ? Have I

not wrestled, day and night, with tears and many prayers? Andrew, I will pray yet again, that this bitter cup may pass away from us. But, oh! when I pray to forget, even in the agony of my spirit, do I not still remember thee? I will strive yet again. Andrew, return to thy bride; be all to her that thou hast promised at the altar to be, that thy conscience upbraid thee not for wrong done to the gentle and timid, whose spirit is ill able to bear suffering of any kind, far less to have it dealt out without measure, as it hath been to me. Farewell!" She pressed his hand gently and left the room.

For many years had Hannah Newton discharged the duties of her sex with a pale cheek and placid brow, sympathizing with the sorrows of all, but herself seeking sympathy with none; for with a mind lofty and exalted as hers, human sources of consolation were utterly unavailing. She stood alone in the majesty of grief, seeking consolation only from the Great Comforter. But now the smile lingered about her mouth, and the light returned to her eye — yet her step grew feeble, and her brow assumed a more transparent beauty. The image of Andrew Horton again mingled with her dreams and visited her mental vision. She felt, knew, that her love was still dear to him — that he turned to her with the fondness of other days.

She knew this ; but it filled her with doubt and anxiety. Had Andrew Horton, the minister of the Most High, dared to forget his vows to his wife — to her whom he had sworn to love and cherish ? Or, was the fair bride at rest — gone in her youth and beauty to the bosom of her God ?

Again Andrew Horton, with pale cheek and a loftier beauty, stood by the side of Hannah ; he told how the sweet, child-like Mary had fallen asleep, like a young flowret blighted upon the stock ; he dwelt upon her love — her beauty, till the tears of Hannah mingled with his own.

“ And now, thee wilt be my own wife, Hannah, even as thou hast been the bride of my spirit. I shall acquire new strength with a spirit like thine. Thee will caution, advise and elevate me. Thy love shall purify and exalt me. Mary was a beautiful child, slumbering upon my bosom ; when doubt and suffering came upon me, she would fling her white arms around me and mingle her tears and sighs. But thou, Hannah, wouldst have dispelled my doubts ; thou wouldst have led me to the true sources of consolation ; and thy prayers would have been as the dew of Hermon to my spirit. Thy caresses would have blessed while they exalted me. Wilt thou not be my own wife, bride of my spirit ? ” He drew her to his bosom — her cheek rested upon

his. She pressed her lips to his, and her arms encircled his neck. A deep sigh escaped her, and her head fell upon his shoulder.

Andrew Horton raised her from his bosom and gazed upon her face. Hannah Newton was to be only the spirit's bride. She was dead !

A B S E N C E.

FROM THE GERMAN OF G Æ T H E.

BY RUDOLPH HERMANN.

I THINK of thee, when the glad sun's first beams
Shine o'er the sea ;
I think of thee, when the soft moonlight gleams
O'er fount and tree.

I see thee, when the busy throng are treading
Life's crowded ways,
And in deep night, when the lone foot is threading
The wood's dark maze.

I hear thee, when the mournful voice of ocean
Floats on the breeze,
And when the winds have stilled their wild commotion
Amid the trees.

•

I am with thee; though thou, beloved, art far,
 Thou still seem'st near;
 Yet oft, while gazing on yon vesper star,
 I wish thee here.

THE UTTERANCE OF TRUTH.

BY THE LATE W. R. PRINCE.

IN its nature, truth is *impulsive*. But it loses its impulsive power, just in proportion to its obscurity. To convince the understanding, and move the heart, there must be clearness of thought, of arrangement, and diction. The truth must lie clearly in the mind; otherwise darkness will be engendered in every sentence. The utterer must know *what* to say, and *how* to say it. Deep, solid thinking will give him the ability to mould thought, to forge it into strong and massive links of logic. It makes him clear-headed. His mind becomes a transparent lens, gathers the scattered rays that fall upon it, and throws them, with concentrated intensity, upon the understanding and the heart. Sound, clear thinking will keep him from wandering off into "the dark, unbottomed, infinite abyss" of mysticism, that nursery of

"All monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, unutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived."

It operates upon the mind as a proper gravitating power, ever attracting it to the world of common sense. *Clear thinking* keeps him from making those brilliant balloon ascensions, that so much attract the admiring gaze of the multitude, while they forget, that the *sole cause* of its rapid and lofty flight, is its *extreme lightness*.

"Wisdom is always nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar."

Clear thinking also gives a lucid arrangement. Thought after thought breaks in upon the mind, like the rising light of morning, steady, glowing, fervid.

There should be clearness of expression. Words should be well chosen—not too abundant. Truth never appears to advantage, buried beneath a ponderous verbiage. Let it be freed from this weight, and step forth in its own stateliness, with an easy, natural dress, though coarse and homely. Where there is a multiplicity of words, or obscurity of diction, there will be *no melting process* in the icy regions of the heart. Words should never be so cumbersome, that the thoughts break down beneath their weight. They should be but wings to thought.

In the use of them, there should be a transparency that leaves the object clear to the apprehension. The better the conducting medium, the more effective is the truth. He doth wisely, who, in getting truth into the mind, acts upon the mathematical principle, that the shortest distance between two points is a *straight line*.

Vividness should be added. Vividness is the bright scintillations thrown off from a laboring, heated mind. There may be clearness *without* vividness. Clearness relates to the understanding; vividness to the imagination. Clearness shines in the sunbeam; vividness flashes in the lightning. Vividness is *arresting*. It will oftentimes flare in upon the mind, even though the eye-lids of the understanding are obstinately closed. It wakes up the leaden, dronish spirit. Vividness gives a glow to the truth, so that it becomes not only a hammer, but a fire, which, together, break the rock in pieces. It takes hold of the imagination, sets this magazine of the soul in a blaze. The imagination has an amazing power over the mind. The passions and inclinations yield to it; the reason surrenders itself a willing captive. It causes the truth to gravitate towards the heart, giving to it an accelerated movement. The emotions are excited — the desires kindle — the heart melts.

Vividness imparts to the truth a freshness —

causes it to stand before the mind in its commanding, arresting greatness. It deals in illustrations, often of a bold and stirring character ; so that the hearer sometimes feels beneath him "the firm earth rock ;" he sees the heavens gather blackness,—hears the wild winds rend the vexed air,—the thunders muttering their rage ; and, as he beholds the tempest rolling all its fury upon his head, his soul quakes with fear.

To render the truth effective, it should be uttered with boldness. There is here too often a point of failure. "Many present it with a great deal of tameness, as if wanting confidence therein. Robert Hall remarked of such, "they seem to beg pardon of all flesh for being in this world." They fear they shall do some mischief. They are careful never to assert things *too strongly*. Such

"Would not with peremptory tone,"
Assert the nose upon his face his own,—
With hesitation, admirably slow,
He humbly hopes, presumes it may be so."

Truth, such say, is a weapon to be used with *great caution*. He is afraid of a sledge, lest some one's brains may be dashed out by it. This timidity is altogether unworthy of the truth. For its efficiency depends very much upon its being uttered with an honest boldness. Men are influenced by the exhibition of boldness. They are so consti-

tuted, that they yield a belief, temporary at least, and more or less strong, when objects are presented in this manner. It is taken for granted, that he who has the truth may with propriety utter it boldly. No one blames him for doing so. Boldness is the inseparable complement of the truth. The truth begets it. Hence it is, that so many are taken captive by the latter, when unaccompanied by the former. In uttering the great truths of the Bible, reason, like Paul and Felix, will tremble. The quietude of the feelings will be disturbed — the calm ocean within will begin to heave and boil, even with violent agitation. The truth thus becomes *impulsive*. It is no longer the brilliant rainbow — something bright and beautiful to be gazed at, admired, and philosophized about; but, like the lightning, it flashes, scathes, silences. Born in the skies, in its descent and effects it shows its divinity.

LAZY JAKE;

OR, THE DEVIL NONPLUSED.

BY EDWARD VAN WINKLE.

Interview between two gentlemen — A difficulty propounded — A heroine introduced.

A LONG, long while ago, in the good old days when witches had a legal existence, and old Nick, by the wilfulness of man's belief, was allowed converse with the human race, lived old Benjamin Peasblossom. He had houses and lands, and bonds and mortgages, and horses and cattle ; and moreover, certain old chests which, despite their iron ribs, were near bursting with the gold and silver — the joes and half-joes, the pistoles and the pistareens, he had crammed into their capacious mouths. Now, as the story goes, Benjamin had not come as honestly and fairly by this money as he might have done ; but it was said, that once as the clock struck twelve at night, in a damp vault in the church-yard, and on the

lid of a coffin, with blood out of his veins, and with a pen made of a dead man's nails, Benjamin had given and granted, released, enfeoffed, conveyed and confirmed his soul unto the devil, in consideration that he, the devil aforesaid, would prosper said Benjamin in all his undertakings; with a proviso, nevertheless, that if the said Benjamin, at the day of forfeiture, could enjoin old Clootie a task that he could not perform in a twelvemonth, then he, the said Benjamin, should stand free and absolved.

Now after this, Benjamin waxed richer and richer, he became the most important man in the village; he was appointed overseer of the poor, one of the select men of the town; and at the time when Old Nick called on him for payment, he was actually an elder of the village church.

The manner of the visit was this. One cold winter's evening, Benjamin was sitting alone by his fire, the wind moaning around his house like the cries of the widowed and fatherless after their dower rights and patrimonies, and he thinking about foreclosing a mortgage, when he heard a gentle tap at the door, and a tall "Werter-faced sort of a man," "melancholy and gentleman-like," entered, and took a seat opposite to Peasblossom.

"Ha! already!" exclaimed Benjamin, stretching out his arm for a small pocket bible which lay on the table.

"I have been patient enough, methinks," said his visiter; "and although it be a naughty night to swim in, as my friend Will has it, I hope the honor of your company."

"I cannot go yet," said Benjamin, removing his chair a little way. "Next week comes quarter day, and then there is Deacon Gray's interest to come in, and old Thompson's mortgage to be foreclosed; indeed, my friend, it's quite inconvenient to go just now."

"I fancy," replied the other, with a courteous smile, "thou wilt find it inconvenient always: so thou must e'en away to-night."

"I cannot follow thee," said Benjamin, staring wildly around and gasping for breath.

"But thou must, unless thou wilt give me a task that I cannot perform; and that I fancy thou canst scarcely do."

Benjamin's head sunk between his hands; to puzzle old Scratch he thought was no easy matter. His visiter, who felt secure of his prey, leisurely drew a cigar from his pocket, lighted it, and commenced puffing. It emitted a bluish flame, and indeed in itself much resembled a half-grown roll of brimstone. When the fume reached the nostrils of Benjamin, he wiggled uneasily in the chair, and fell into a great perturbation of spirit, bethinking himself of deviled turkey legs, poached eggs, roasted

potatoes, and beef steaks and gridirons. Meanwhile the mortgagee of Benjamin's worse half his soul, sought to amuse himself with a book or two lying on the mantel. He passed instinctively by "The Christian Soldier," and "Holy Living and Dying;" yawned a moment over Shakspeare; but espying a newspaper, the father of lies felt that he had reading congenial to his taste.

At length Benjamin's face brightened, and he exclaimed, "I have it, I have it! I defy thee to make my neighbor, Lazy Jake, rich."

"Oh! ho!" quoth the devil; "sits the wind in that quarter? vexing Job was a trifle to that: but since thou hast set me the task, it would be unseemly in me to forfeit my prize without an endeavor to preserve it."

"Suppose we cancel the bond at once," said Benjamin, "and I will give you an acquittance."

Old Hornie forgot his accustomed good breeding at the proposition, and unqualifiedly grinned. "No," said he, "it is now a point of honor with me; and my friends, the lawyers, can help me at a pinch.— They have such an ingenious way of transferring estates, that if I can get Jake admitted to the bar, I shall have the pleasure of your company very soon."

After uttering this pleasantry, the head of the legal profession looked cautiously round, fearing that some of the fraternity had overheard him.

But the only addition to the company was Benjamin's daughter Susan, a fine bouncing maiden of fourteen, with a heart as free of guile as a New-York dairyman's milk of cream.

"La, Paa!" said Sukey, "I did n't know of your having company."

The devil bowed — devils are always *so* polite! Miss courtstied. The devil has such a taking way with him!

"Well, friend Peasblossom," quoth he of the fabulous tail, "this little affair will soon be settled, and then——"

"La, Paa!" interrupted Sukey, "what a smell of brimstone!"

"And then," continued old Clootie to Benjamin, "you must —"

Benjamin coughed very loudly, looked imploringly at Satan, intimating that he would dispense with the peroration.

"Paa has got such a bad cold," said Susan.

"Well, as extremes meet," replied Clootie, "he will soon have a bad heat."

Benjamin shivered; but the impracticability of Lazy Jake again sent a glow through his breast.

"Would n't the gentleman like a glass of sweet cider?" inquired Susan, who was of an affable and loquacious turn.

"If Miss Susan would only write her name in his pocket-book as a sort of remembrancer?"

“Away, tempter!” shouted Benjamin.

“Such a pair of red cheeks, and two such sparkling eyes,” continued the *arch* fiend, “might tempt even Solomon. But, friend, I must away, as I have business of much importance to attend to before daylight. Let me see, let me see,” said he in an under-tone; “the big paunched Justice yonder wants a good reason for an unjust decision; Miss Tabitha Spinster must be taught the last improvement upon the amorous waltz; the grocer’s doubt of the propriety of sanding his sugar must be settled; and then I have to strike the moon into three or four youths, and make poets of them; for when once they have coupled love and dove, they are mine as sure as stupid rhymes to Cupid;—but I forgot myself; good night, friend Benjamin—‘parting is such sweet sorrow’—good night, Miss Susan; I hope we may become better acquainted; and so saying, he bowed lowly; and ere Susan, who turned to see why the candles burned so blue, was aware, the old Serpent (I hate to call him names) had vanished, and Peasblossom gruffly ordered her to bed; where, I fear, she dreamed of the polite gentleman, not being aware what a profligate character he was, and how he had played the very devil with the world ever since the first weakness of woman, which, I believe, was in the year *one*.

CHAPTER II.

A Midnight Prowl through a Village.

When the devil left the residence of Peasblossom, it was his intention to visit all his acquaintances in the village, renew old friendships, make new ones, and insinuate himself into the good graces of his enemies, if he had any. He now recollected that it was past the usual bed-time of the villagers, and that he would find nobody up, save those who stood in no need of his visitation ; and that therefore he must make his presence known by his spirit and not by his assumed form. As this thought floated across his brain, he found himself in front of the parsonage. Now the good man, having indulged somewhat in mulled beer and a Welch rabbit, was naturally dreaming of a good living ; and the devil suggested to him, as he settled on his breast in the shape of a huge Cheshire cheese, that as there was a vacancy in the pulpit of the next town, which gave a higher salary, it was his duty to go thither ; and having thus given the parson *a call*, Beelzebub whisked off to the parson's neighbor, the apothecary. The apothecary presently dreamed that he and the sexton had entered into a partnership, and that they

had employed the doctor as a clerk. Then the apothecary fancied that he was filling his laudanum jar with the juice of the pokeberry, but why, he could not tell, till the high price of opium rose up as an excuse. "But, prithee," cried one of the devil's grand-children, named Subterfuge, who was present, "will not the poor souls sleep as well on the juice as the extract?" "Aye, much better," quoth that slippery knave, Conscience: so the apothecary turned him over, and slept soundly until morning. The devil walked into the doctor's as a messenger came from a poor person in extremity, requesting his immediate presence. The doctor, hearing who it was that required his aid, knew that he would never be paid for his services, and so bade his servant tell the messenger that he had been suddenly called out, and would not be back until morning. Hereupon the doctor drew his bed-clothes tighter around him, and sunk into a nap, wherein he dreamed that he fell grievously sick, and his friends, in great alarm, proposing to send for a brother Æsculapius, it struck him as such ridiculous nonsense that he burst into laughter and awoke. The devil next visited his friend the Justice; and as the grocer's sugar was sanded the following day, and Miss Tabitha practised the Mazourka, in the evening, at the village ball, it is presumed our hero also paid them a passing visit. He inoculated two

young geniuses with the love of rhyme, and three young misses with flirtation ; so he felt secure of five new votaries at least. He passed by the window of a learned judge, and a subtle metaphysical fluid which could not disprove the existence of witches, passed into the judge's pericranium. Then the devil thought he would call on his special agent, the village attorney ; and he found him asleep with one eye open ; and he studied a long while for some new device to inspire the lawyer withal ; but after examining the stock already on hand, the devil found that he, himself, had acquired a new wrinkle ; so, well contented, he left the house, and bent his steps towards the dwelling of Lazy Jake.

CHAPTER III.

A Reflection — Lazy Jake's House — His Bed-chamber — A Discovery, or an Instance of Inductive Reasoning.

Had the task allotted to our hero been that of overcoming any of the cardinal virtues, or of combatting the vices gluttony, lust, intemperance, writing for magazines, avarice, pride, or even dozing in church, he had not troubled himself much about the result ; but when he reflected on the nature and

influence of laziness, he felt appalled by the *vis inertiae* opposed to him. Of all the sins which most easily beset a man, this is the darling of their progenitor, for it makes its way so insidiously and so easily, like a huge anaconda gliding through a country, and tainting all things with its poisonous breath ; and it has such a tenacity of its conquests, that it is one of the most powerful engines of evil ever devised. Might I in a sober narrative like the present allude with propriety to the profane history of the Grecians, I would say that laziness, like the apparently harmless peace-offering of the Greeks to the Trojans, carries the armed vices in its womb, who will soon spread havoc through the town, and surprise the citadel.

Before commencing his operations, the old Serpent thought it advisable to survey the residence of Jake, and observe whereabouts lay the best avenue for his approach.

About half a mile from Peasblossom's, in the outskirts of the village, Jake reposed on his patrimonial remains. He had inherited many a broad field and rich meadow ; his house had been encompassed by luxuriant gardens and thrifty orchards, flocks of cattle covered his pastures, the loud neighing of steeds, the soft bleating of sheep, the piteous lowing of cows, the complaisant grunting of swine, filled the atmosphere around him. Turkeys

gobbled, hens cackled, ducks quacked, and geese gabbled through his barn-yards. He had money out at interest, and a secret hoard of Spanish dollars in his house. Never had man a fairer chance for a life of prosperity. But in vain ; a blight had been on Jake from his youth upwards. He was, in truth, one of the laziest of mortals. Nought loved he beyond his bed ; and when he had rolled out of that, he would swallow his breakfast, and then, lighting his pipe, sink into his arm-chair, and puff away the live-long morning. His laborers, too, imbibed the sweet poison : his seeds were never in the ground until his neighbors were talking of reaping—his winter grain was not sown until the frosts had set in. Weeds choked up his gardens—his unpruned trees spent their juices in unfruitful shoots—his fences gradually fell down—his cattle were neglected—his horses died of the distemper—his eggs turned addle in their unsought-for nests—his turkeys ran wild in the woods—and the foxes and weazles stole into his yards and carried off his geese and chickens. The rains gradually rotted away the shingles on his roof, and caused his walls to moulder. In a few years his money was called in, and in a few more spent ; and still his disease was upon him. To-morrow he would bestir himself, and to-morrow he would arouse ; but what signified his doing it to-day. But on the morrow

he slept so late that it was useless to make the effort ; he could do nothing in half a day, he would begin with the next week. But perhaps the next week was stormy, or Jake did not *feel very well*, or his boots were without soles ; “ he must send them to the cobbler’s that very day.” The cobbler bent over his lap-stone all the week, but not on Jake’s account. And then the next week was too late in the season ; and why should a man worry himself to death ? he would reform with the new year ; but January is so cold. And thus would Jake go on, rousing himself up desperately every half hour to fill his pipe, and eating his dinners, and suppers, and breakfasts, and teas, and luncheons, with an energy that astonished himself, and sleeping with a resolution undisturbed by aught but indigestion and surfeit.

The grayness of morning was stealing over the heavens, when our adventurer came in sight of Lazy Jake’s abode ; and ere he had completed his survey, the pale wintry sun was high advanced ; but still scarcely a sign of life about the premises. A half-starved cow was turning “ its sides and shoulders and heavy head ” on some scattered straw near the barn, and endeavoring to obtain “ a little more sleep and a little more slumber.” A wall-eyed horse was hanging his head out of the weather-boards of the stable, while a skeleton pig was as-

sisting his weak steps towards the kitchen, by leaning against the straggling paling on his path.

Everything about the house appeared in a state of dilapidation; the rains had washed the paint from the boards, and the pointing from between the stones. The shutters had disappeared from the windows, or hung by half a hinge; the glass was broken, and a pannel wanting in the door betrayed an uncarpeted and filthy floor. Within doors things were in a grievous plight: bottomless chairs and broken tables — the clock unwound — the locks all out of order — blue mould on the walls, and grease and dirt on the floor. There was a bedstead in the parlor, and kitchen utensils in the bed-room, where, stewing and steaming in his dirty blankets, lay Lazy Jake himself.

Jake had eaten and slept until he had become a mass of soft, unhealthy fat; so that, wrapt up as he was in the woollens, he might have been compared to a roll of rancid butter enveloped in a yellow cabbage leaf. He was of an easy, good-natured disposition, as pliant as the conscience of a politician, or as the gum caoutchouc, or whatever its unorthographable name may be. Jake had a decided aversion to motion; and he once indulged in an astronomical speculation, which was, "why the devil the stars and planets keep moving about as they did, seeing they have nothing in the world to do. He used to wonder why the

•
"Little busy bee"

did not

"improve each shining hour"

by a nap in the sun, instead of keeping up such an incessant coil and pother.

But we have not leisure to detail all the sayings and doings of Jake, though a few pages would suffice for the actions of his life. The Devil perambulated the room with a curious eye and an incurious nostril ; but still he was unsatisfied in one particular. He cautiously approached the bed, raised the end of the clothes, and discovered the fact to be as he had suspected,—that such a lazy, uncleanly person as Jake slept in his stockings.

CHAPTER IV.

A Moral Phenomenon, or Temptations to become rich resisted — Mining and Countermining — Gold — Love — Land-speculations, and Stock-jobbing.

When the devil retired to ruminate on his plans, he betook himself to the banks of a neighboring mill-pond. In truth, when he reflected on what he had just seen, he felt sorely perplexed, and, like an enamored swain, cast many a desperate look at the water. But honor soon came to his aid, and he roused himself up manfully to his task. The result

of his cogitations will be portrayed in the following pages ; and we must leave this one of our heroes for the present, to return to the other. Matters grew worse and worse with Lazy Jake, for the plan of the first campaign appeared to be, to reduce Jake to such misery, that he should imbibe the idea of the necessity of exertion. Exertion once commenced, the devil knows so well how to temper the love of gain with the labor of its acquisition, that the richest self-made men are generally the most industrious and untiring. Jake's horse died of the colic, his cow of the distemper, and his pig of the measles. The supply of his table grew scantier, and his creditors clamorous. Judgment after judgment was entered up, and execution after execution lodged in the sheriff's hands. His lands were still greater in value than the amount of his debts. He could have made an agreement with his creditors for a mortgage, the money to be applied to the discharge of their claims ; but Jake felt an unconquerable aversion to all exertion. True, he needed but to ride to the attorney's and have it arranged ; but his horse was dead. He could have walked there, but next week he would borrow a conveyance ; and one week earlier or later could make but little difference. At length his creditors let the law take its way ; and in the spring, Jake was master of naught but his homestead and the curtilage. He grew thinner

and thinner ; for, after grim-visaged want has stared us in the face for awhile, we become wonderfully assimilated to the spectre. At last a dinnerless day brought on the crisis ; and poor Jake, sinking into his arm-chair, cursed his unlucky stars. "Nothing ever prospered with him ; his neighbors, who had started life with nothing, were rich ; while he, who had everything at command, through his perverse luck, was reduced to poverty. He could not see into it ; it was very mysterious. But something must be done ; he would see what he could turn his hand to, in the morning."

So Jake lighted his pipe, and resigned himself to the influence of that vacuity of thought in which the smoker indulges, and miscalls reflection. Presently he fell into a gentle nap, dreaming of huge joints of roasted meat and savory sauces, placed before him in great profusion, but just beyond his reach. Then the viands disappeared, and he had a vision of his grandfather, who told him that in the orchard which had been sold to his neighbor Peasblossom, was buried a huge jar of gold, which he had hidden there during an Indian incursion, and afterwards left as a safe deposit ; but having been called away by an apoplexy, his heirs had never been the wiser. Then the old gentleman vanished, and when Jake awoke, the sun had again arisen and was peeping in at the window. The loud de-

mand for breakfast from his inner man first recalled him to a sense of misery; then gradually his dream arose to mind, indistinctly at first, but at last, vivid and impressive. "But of what use is it?" said Jake; "three months since, and it would have saved me from my troubles; but now, what can I do? There is no use in trying to purchase it back; I know Peasblossom will not sell. He got it for a song, and all King David's psalms, played by the royal minstrel himself, could not redeem an inch of it. However, the next time I meet him, I will ask him about it; I am resolved to lose nothing for want of exertion."

Now, as the devil would have it, Peasblossom began to feel extremely uneasy. True, Jake was not growing rich, but waxing poorer; still there was something very suspicious in that very fact. And it entered into Benjamin's noddle to conceive, that as Jake still had the homestead left, it might be a foundation for future acquisitions; so he resolved to deprive Jake of this last resource, if possible.

"I have been thinking," said Benjamin, taking Jake kindly by the hand, "that it was due to our old friendship, that I should lend you some aid in your need. I had your orchard of you for a trifle; and although honestly purchased, still if thou wilt, thou mayest have it for a small advance."

"What!" cried Jake, "the orchard next the

garden?" "Yes, the same," replied Peasblossom; "so give me a note at a short date for the amount, and a mortgage on your house as security; for, Jacob, I have a family to provide for; and although I am of a generous disposition, still prudence dictates a certain course. So, Jacob, go down to Fifa's, and execute a mortgage on the house, and thou shalt have the orchard."

Jake's eyes twinkled with joy, the pot of gold was already in his greedy grasp, and he actually went that day to the lawyer's, and signed the note, bond, and mortgage, and took his deed. So he sat himself down, and devised a hundred ways of spending his money, which, alas! was not yet his. Early in the morning, he intended to go out and search for it, and he must rest after his hard work. Jake awoke early, and felt an impulse to rise and commence his search; but what was the use of hurry? He had a few dollars yet, which had been unexpectedly paid him. "The more hurry the worse speed. Besides, evening would be better for his work, as there would be nobody to watch him."

Jake waited till evening, and still the same reluctance to bestir himself. "The gold was safe where it was, and he could get it when he wanted it." Day passed after day in this manner; although, it must be confessed, Jake kept a vigilant eye to the orchard when awake, and dreamed of it by

night. At last Jake began to dig ; but the work went on slowly, and, as the orchard contained a couple of acres, and Jake knew not where the treasure lay, his heart grew faint. Week after week elapsed, and nothing could rouse Jake to vigorous action ; his note became due ; Peasblossom, in fulfilment of his plan, commenced suit ; Jake could have delayed it by attending to it ; but he was absolutely too lazy. Judgment was entered, and execution followed ; the orchard was sold, and the house, to satisfy the balance ; the overplus was paid to Jake ; and, without a roof to call his own, he betook himself to the tavern, and gave way to deep melancholy, only relieved by eating, drinking, smoking and sleeping. The shrewd fellow who had purchased the orchard, suspected something, from the state in which he found it, and rested not until he had upturned the whole soil, and satisfactorily solved his doubts.

Love was now called in by the devil to his aid. A fat widow, aged forty and upwards, of large person and income, cast amorous glances on Jake, as he sat at the tavern window, from her room on the opposite side of the way. Jake was not iron or stone ; and if he had been, the ardent glances of the widow would have heated him red-hot. As it was, Jake felt indescribable longings to move, aye, actually to walk ; and one day, fired beyond con-

trol, he went over to the widow's. Fortunately, one or two visits so overcame the retiring modesty of the fair, that Jake was the happiest of men, save in the necessary trouble and fatigue he was put to in promenading with his lady fair. This did very well for a day or two ; but then — shame on his manhood — Jake, buried in an oblivious snooze after dinner, forgot love, honor, the widow and her money-bags. Impatiently did the fair one sigh, fume, scold, rave ; and it was really thoughtless in Jake, to allow such a mass of inflammable matter to become so heated. He might have known the consequences. A rousing box on his ear awoke him from his slumbers. Unhappy Jake ! torrents of expletives rolled around him like lava from a volcano ; heated epithets fell upon him ; and at last, like Herculaneum, he was completely buried under showers of invectives, red-hot, and reproaches at white heat. The game was up ; Cupid and Somnus were at swords' points, and Cupid quit the field.

Jake was now assailed in various ways. Land speculations were presented to his imagination ; for such a rage possessed the good people of the village, that they began buying up all the land within three miles of the town. What they bought one day, in farms or plantations, they the next day offered at auction, nicely surveyed into building lots ; and the prices were immense. But Jake let all slip through

his fingers. He had a keen foresight and a good judgment, but he was ever too lazy to move.

Then his brain teemed with improvements in various useful machines, by patenting which, he could have made great sums ; but Jake never had resolution sufficient to draw up his specifications.

The Prince of Darkness strove manfully against the inertness of Jake ; he assaulted him in every way ; pride, ambition, patriotism, and I know not what beside. But Jake was impracticable. The devil became uneasy ; his disappointment preyed on his spirits ; *he grew thin, pale, and interesting.*

Never before had he been so *puzzled*. When he had set to work in earnest, he had always succeeded, except in one case ; and his ill success in that, Satan attributed to the malign influence of Mrs. Job. Eleven months of the allotted time had elapsed, and yet Jake was poorer than ever. The devil began to despair ; melancholy seized upon him ; and he was evidently rapidly falling into a consumption. He actually indited some verses in the Byron vein : —

“ I have not loved the world, nor the world me.”

He went about like one distraught ; he would have fallen into dyspepsia, had it been then invented ; but, as it was, he never shaved himself, with-

out experiencing desperate thoughts. I know not how he could have existed through the last and still unsuccessful week of the term of probation ; but, musing one day on his apparently diminished power in the world, and the necessity of reviving it, he had a vision of a *board of brokers* ; and the devil laughed to think what a great idea it was. About a century afterwards he put his scheme in operation in New York ; and he has since had no fear for his dominion in the world ; for he drew up his specifications in terms plain beyond dispute ; and thus it stood : — “ buying and selling stock on time.”

CHAPTER V.

The hard word and harder task — The Devil resigns his case.

Our narrative is drawing to a close. An author, even although his characters be fictitious, acquires an acquaintance with them that he is loth to terminate. We, dealing in truth severe, cannot distribute poetical justice to our characters, as the critic might demand. Poor Susan never could forget the polite gentleman who wanted her to write her name in his pocket-book. He became the god of her

idolatry. She sighed for him, and sought for him everywhere. If a carriage passed the door, she expected to see him leaning from its window; if a stranger arrived in the town, she knew it *must* be him. At all the village gatherings, she looked but for him; and even at church, the poor, ignorant creature thought he might be present. Twice or thrice she detected him in the heroes of fashionable novels; but they merely fed her imagination. She once went to a camp-meeting, and thought she saw him there; and he might have been. But, be this as it may, the year elapsed.

* * * * *

Benjamin is again seated by his fire; he is wealthier, and more hard-hearted than ever. His eye is on the clock. The fatal hour — is — past. A rap at the door, and Benjamin's old visitor enters; but, alas! how changed! His cheek is hollow, his eye is dim. He says nothing, — he draws forth the contract, — he throws it into the flames.

The parchment used by him, is, of course, fire-proof; so Benjamin takes it out, and the devil *honorably* erases Peasblossom's name, and tears off the seal.

"If I ever," he said solemnly, "undertake again, to make a lazy man rich, may I be ——— sainted."

"Cheer up," said Benjamin; — for men with

whom all things prosper, are great consolers, —
“cheer up; you have much to be joyous for.”

“True,” replied the devil, despondingly; “*but I have been foiled. There is one vice I cannot manage*, — one failing too stubborn for me; and that is — LAZINESS!”

Our story is finished. If there is a moral in it, our readers can apply it. We have but to dispose of our dramatis personæ, and lay aside our quill.

Lazy Jake died as he lived. Peasblossom lived long enough to become the devil's, without a formal agreement. The devil recovered his cheerfulness; and Susan, surviving her first love, grew up to womanhood, was married, and went the way of all flesh.

even with hempen cord about his neck, have fallen upon a splendid patrimony: had it been Scapegrace Jake, — Jake anything, involving impulse, action, — the devil would not have despaired; for Fortune has oftentimes a yearning fondness for these children of blindness, — these leapers who never look, — these blow-dealers, who reverse the adage of “a word and a blow,” — these fact-makers and late repenters; and she feels about for them as akin to herself, giving, giving, irrespective of the future; and she showers her golden horn into their bosoms.

We like the skill with which our artist has kept down his diablerie, merely giving us the “thin melancholie devil,” which so easily blends itself with the spirit of the times. He has given us the Byronic imitator, — the anxious dealer in stocks — the political shambler — the lean radical — office hunter — the anti-renter — any, or all of the many shapes into which modern restlessness, ignorance or levelism may resolve themselves. He has given us the not unhandsome compactness of feature, which the modern devil may be supposed to possess; for our minds have grown beyond the hoof and horns, with which Satan used to sway us; and now he treats the big human child, who has “put away childish things,” with a new version of himself, and one better adapted to the grown-up taste.

He is an intellectual devil, cool, calculating, far-seeing. The sinners by impulse, being now in the

minority, are allowed to slip, trembling and repentant into heaven, while Satan finds himself over busy with the thinking sinners, whom he rolls up into parchments of intellectual casuistry, and ranges in long battalions, all nicely labelled for d——.

He has a severe time of it, and has been obliged to brush up his musty learning, and steep so many structures in brimstone, to give them intensity and consolidation, lest the false foundation should cause such to fall altogether, that it is said his laboratory, extensive as it is, can hardly supply the demand for the article, being so much needed both at the press and the battle-field. The modern Satan is a lean, Cassius-like gentleman, with cleanly cut features, a large, very large frontal development, and great deficiency in the region of the affections. He is refined according to circumstances; but he is a restless theorizer, a Jacobin, a Loco-foco, as the case may be. His followers do nothing from honest, hearty human impulse. Oh, no! they reason, and speculate, and reflect, till convinced that what they wish is right and proper; and then they go to work, and sin respectably. They violate in spirit, if not in action, every law in the decalogue; and yet talk long and learnedly upon their beauty and propriety. They shirk out of responsibility, and yet, with Pecksniffian adroitness, wear the seeming of models of human virtue.

Perhaps thy orphans still for thee are crying,
Perhaps thy friends for thy return are sighing,
And dream not, that upon this little hill,
The dews of night upon thy skull distil.

Or wert thou one of the accursed banditti,
Who wrought such outrage on fair Germany ?
Who made the field a desert, fired the city,
Defiled the pure, and captive led the free ?
Didst thou, in disposition fierce and hellish,
Thy span of life with deeds like these embellish ?
Then, God of Righteousness ! To thee belongs,
Not unto us, to judge and right our wrongs.

The sun already toward the west is tending ;
His rays upon thy hollow temples strike ;
Thou heed'st them not, heed'st not the rains descending
On good and bad, just and unjust alike.
The mild, cool breeze of even is round me playing ;
Sweet perfume from the woods and fields are straying,
Rich grain now waves where lances bristled then ;
Thus do all things proclaim God's love to men.

Whoe'er thou wert, who by a fellow mortal
Wert hurried out of life, we are at peace ;
Thus I return thee to the grave's dark portal ;
Revenge and hatred on this spot should cease ;—
Rest, where thy mouldering skeleton reposes,
And may the perfume of the forest roses
Waft thoughts of peace to every wanderer's breast !
Thou restless one, return thee to thy rest !

ON A PICTURE OF THE VIRGIN.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

IF the young mother clasp for the first time
 The mortal child that earthly love has given,
 With a deep joy preluding that of heaven,
Who shall describe thy ecstasy sublime,
 Oh virgin mother ! when upon thy ear
 The message of the announcing angel fell,
 In heavenly tones to calm thy rising fear,
And thy approaching glory to foretell !
Was ever mother so divinely blest,
 As when, the glow of Heaven yet clinging round him,
 Before the weight of human grief had bound him,
 The gentle Christ-child to thy heart was pressed ?
 Oh ! blessed among women ! joy like thine
 What hand shall dare describe ! Alas, not mine !

MY DOUBLE;

OR, THE MAN WHO IS NOT COLONEL BLANK.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

THERE are some griefs—some sources of serious annoyance, I would say rather—which we can only alleviate by turning into a jest—a jest or a magazine article, which many people consider nearly the same thing. Like most quiet and inoffensive people I am myself the object of one of these whimsical evils, and time and again I have been upon the point of pouring my sorrows into the ear of the pensive and sympathizing public through some similar channel to that which I have here chosen. In fact there must be now among my papers, somewhere, a melancholy lucubration, written some ten years since, and bearing the same title as that which I have here adopted. Yes, I have once before made an agonized effort to disburden my bosom of the perilous stuff that weighs upon it. But even as the testament of tears was placed in the hands of the printer,

an incident so startling, so utterly appalling, came between the shuddering testator and the unconscious devices, that I withdrew the document in dismay. Reader, a London magazine arrived here on the very day on which my appeal to you had passed into the printer's hands ; a magazine which contained an article bearing exactly the same title as this before you, and proving—I don't know what it proved—I *could* read only the title, and I remember only that at the words “my double” I shrunk aghast at the accumulative horrors of having a QUADRUPLÉ !

Well, years have passed away, and I come now more boldly before you, indulgent and sympathetic reader, with the clear revelation of my troubles.

“My troubles !” quoth ye ; “who is I ?”

If you will not call upon me to parse the latter limb of that last sentence I will tell you.

My name is Brown—John Brown—(a distant relation of the Browns of Middlesex and Surrey, England.) I am a square built, tight little fellow, with nothing peculiar about me save what some might deem an excess of that physical characteristic which pre-eminently distinguishes the descendant of the pure Anglo-Saxon from his Norman brother. I have very short legs, very long arms, and very red hands at the extremity of the latter. The rareness of this conformation among my American countrymen

might indeed attract more attention to my person in New York than in London ; still it cannot be said to amount to a deformity, much less to annoy me with any particular consciousness of personal peculiarity. For years I walked the streets with all that happy indifference to surrounding objects which is the rare privilege of the unknown and the unobtrusive, and which I still think, from the freedom that attends it, is worth more than all the attentions and privileges that are accorded to the most favorable notoriety.

I am social, reader, very social—but I like to make my own law of intimacy—to take off the mask of worldliness only when and with whom my individual tastes or the humors of the moment shall determine. We all of us have an *incognito* ! for all of us, however dear may be the opinion of some of our fellow-men, (and fellow-women,) we all of us, I say, at the bottom of our hearts, have something which we love much better—our individual freedom—our right to move hither and thither among the crowd, bearing no burden of responsibilities save such as attach to every orderly citizen of the mass. In short, to most men of sense I presume the privacy of their *personality* is at least half as dear as the privacy of their souls. A man may be of so frank and candid a humor that it is his delight to fling open the portals of his soul as freely as those of day—may delight so to fling open these portals

himself, yet be vastly disquieted when a stranger hand would intrusively raise a window. In short, however women and dandies may wish *digito mon-strari*, (to be pointed out with a parasol,) men—or at least thinking men—have enough within to remind them painfully of their individuality, even in a crowd, and that when they wish most to assimilate unnoticed with objects, emotions and people about them.

Why, oh why, hath this delightful impersonality—this invaluable independence of obscurity—why, alas! hath it been reft from me? I never spoke at a “mass meeting”—I never delivered a public lecture—I do not belong to the militia—I never sat at a board of directors—I am not an auctioneer, nor yet am I president of any association for doing any possible sort of good to mankind. How lost I my glorious freedom as an abstract quantity, an unnamed unit of “the people?” Who struck the fatal blow at my independence? Who singled me out from the happy multitude of unnotables—stamped me with an ineffacable impress, and sent me forth the walking label and advertisement of another—who?

My Double!

My dear madam, you need not seem so shocked. I mean no allusion to that angel, my wife. Mrs. Brown herself would smile with disdain at your unworthy suspicion.

My double ! who is he ?—why, you, ma'am, and you, sir, both know him perfectly well ; you have both often mistaken me for him ; you, fair lady, thanked me in his name for a prayer book I handed across the pew to you at evening church last Sunday ; and you, respected mister, looked thundergusts at me one day, before the Astor House, because I would not accept a letter to him that a Chicago correspondent had entrusted to your care. My double, ladies and gentlemen, is no other than my prototype—a man whose dapper form fits exactly into my bottle green frock—whose long arms swing over exactly the same number of square inches of Broadway flagging, and whose one red hand (he always carries both gloves in the other,) coruscates in front of the Astor precisely at one o'clock, post-meridian, every day in the year. Every one knows him—every one speaks to him—certainly they do—everybody must of course exchange a bow with Colonel Blank, of the New York state artillery. Yes, I see now you know to whom I allude. You have known him at concerts, perhaps, or as a chairman of a society for ascertaining the condition of popular geographical knowledge at the time when Shakespeare, in his chart of the Winter's Tale, ventured to lay out a sea-port in Bohemia, because there were *serfs* upon the borders of that ancient terratime kingdom. You *do* know Colonel Blank !

Well, (you ask,) and is it such a misfortune to resemble so worthy and popular a character as Colonel Blank?

A misfortune! good heavens, madam, is it a misfortune to be known everywhere and pointed out everywhere as *the man who is not Colonel Blank*?

Is it not, I say, a positive calamity to have people put upon their guard against speaking to you by mistake? to be marked, watched, and warned against as a sort of unhappy, natural swindler, the counterfeit presentment, the notorious *double* of another man? a fellow that goes about, as it were, in a second hand body—a form, at least, so modelled after that of another, that nature would seem for the once to have used an old mould in a fit of economy.

It exasperates me that you can't see the mortification of the thing! Do n't you see—can you not understand, that after all which I have endeavored to convey to you about the love of my own independence, and the unobtrusive but strong affection I have for my own individuality of character,—don't you see that this Colonel Blank not only raises the window of my privacy, but, having the greater claim of the two to notoriety, stamps me a once as *his* double? Do n't you see, in a word, that while from the quietude of my habits, not a breath of soul perhaps, save my own wife, will ever speak of him in reference to me, as “the man who looks

so much like John Brown," curiosity points to me everywhere as "the man who is not Colonel Blank?" Do n't you see — my pen quivers with emotion as I write it ; — do you, or do you not see, sir, that I am necessarily, therefore, nothing more than something pertaining to him, — that I am — am *his* double, not he *mine* ; — in fine, that the possessive pronoun in the title of this article has properly no business there ?

Ah, it breaks upon you. You see it all, and your feelings begin to respond to my appeal to your sympathy.

"What do I mean to do about it?" Why, that is the all-important question ! What *can* I do about it ? One thing only is clear to me ; I must banish my constitutional dislike to publicity as I best can, and get personal notability or notoriety by any means in my power. My individual privacy is gone forever ; and the great object of my efforts must now be to establish, in some way or other, an individual identity. I really, at times, am disposed to compromise the matter in any way ; — to be called the "Ginger-bread man," "The man in the claret-colored coat," — be any kind of man, *per se*, rather than the mere shadow of another ; — "the man who is not Colonel Blank."

'Sdeath ! young gentleman, you laugh ; but how would you like to be thus designated to your beloved ? Her features attracted your gaze at Niblo's

you have twice checked your horse to get a fair look at her form, as she galloped by you among the glades of Greenwood ; you were her vis-a-vis in a quadrille at Brighton ; you were dying to encircle her waist in a waltz ; your friend advanced to ask permission to introduce you. They whisper together — she looks at you — she seems to recognize you. Has she heard your name favorably before ? and has she been previously interested in your personal appearance ? Stay ! she is asking your friend to repeat your name ; with what well-bred unconsciousness you try to catch her sweetly murmured comment. “ Brown — John Brown, is it ? well, I ’ve been dying for years to know that man’s name ; every one in our set knows, of course, that he is not Colonel Blank.”

’Sdeath, sir ! I repeat, would you not feel at once like making “ a set,” — a world — an atmosphere of your own ? Would you not be ready, on the instant, to plunge into space in search of some planet where no such duplicates of humanity were suffered to exist ? You would — I know you would, had you one spark of true manhood about you !

But you, sir ; why do you sneer ? *you*, I mean, “ talented ” author of “ Manure for Radicalism, or the Growth of Jacobinism made Easy.” How can you — how dare *you*, sir, sneer at my sufferings ? — you, who with such astute knowledge of the world, and such all-embracing love of your fellow-men,

have taught the sublime truth that "the mass is everything—the individual nothing;" you, whose bold and energetic mind would consign to priests and old women the stale preachment that "there is more glory in heaven over *one* soul," &c.;—you, who with a pen of fire, would marshal us on to "attack and break down the individual, but cherish and husband the mass;"—how, I say, how dare you deride my griefs at being taken forcibly from that "mass," and made a man of note—a quasi aristocrat in my own despite—a patrician shadow—a stalking horse to "the Democracie?"—"a man that is not Colonel Blank," but so much like him that he would do to Lynch instead!

I well know that I have now no personal rights; that I deserve to have none; that I lost my privilege as a *man*, the instant I ceased to be an integral portion of "the people." I know this, I say, to be a great natural *fact*, a primordial principle. But in the name of general—not individual freedom—in the name of the genius of UNIVERSAL FREEDOM, I demand to know the right that any one has thus to sever and cut me away from my natural affinities with liberty-breathing obscurity?

"The mass" may, indeed, justly, at their will, denounce, detach and ostracise any particular member of their own enlightened body. But "the people" have, for wise purposes, delegated this extreme power to certain executive officers, chosen from

themselves by means so mysterious that when these solemn officers appeal to "their own strong sense of public duty and awful responsibilities of position," we all of us know that the hand of Providence itself must have had to do with their election; and we feel in our very souls that the same inquisition of "public opinion," through its holy and infallible ministers, clothed in the undefiled vestments of the daily press, is alone competent to this office of moral Lynching! The newspapers—not the patricians of the Broadway pavement—the newspapers which, regardless of their own prosperity, always study "the greatest good of the greatest number"—they alone had the right to single me out from among men—to strip me of all my privileges as one of "the majority," and brand me, in the public streets, as "*the man who is not Co'. Blank.*"

But, alas! it is in vain to rebel against a destiny so peculiar—a destiny more terrible even than that of the ill-starred *Peter Schemil*! *He* was only robbed of his shadow—I—I have been defrauded of my very *self*, as it were. Yes, cheated out of my personal identity, and made the shadow, the "phantom double" of another—a forged chirograph of humanity, a "copy of an original, done by a pupil"—a *spoon* of "german silver," a plaster cast, an involuntary daguerreotype, a natural impostor, who dare not say that his soul is his own!

THE FOREST CEMETERY.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

WILD TAWASENTHA!* in thy brook-laced glen
The doe no longer lists her lost fawn's bleating,
As panting there, escaped from hunter's ken,
She hears the chase o'er distant hills retreating;
No more, uprising from the fern around her,
The Indian archer, from his "still hunt" lair,
Wings the death-shaft which hath that moment found her,
When Fate seemed foiled upon her footsteps there:

Wild Tawasentha! on thy cone-strewed sod,
O'er which yon Pine his giant arm is bending,
No more the Mohawk marks its dark crown nod
Against the sun's broad disc toward night descending,

* Tawasentha, meaning in Mohawk, "The place of the many Dead," is the finely appropriate name of the new Forest Cemetery on the banks of the Hudson, between Albany and Troy.

Then crouching down beside the brands that redden
The columned trunks which rear thy leafy dome,
Forgets his toils in hunter's slumbers leaden,
Or visions of the Red man's spirit home :

But where his calumet by that lone fire,
At night beneath these cloistered boughs was lighted,
The Christian orphan will in prayer aspire,
The Christian parent mourn his proud hope blighted ;
And in thy shade the mother's heart will listen
The spirit-cry of babe she clasps no more,
And where thy rills through hemlock branches glisten,
There many a maid her lover will deplore.

Here children linked in love and sport together,
Who check their mirth as creaks the slow hearse by,
Will totter lonely in life's Autumn weather,
To ponder where life's Springtime blossoms lie ;
And where the virgin soil was never dinted
By the rude ploughshare since creation's birth,
Year after year fresh furrows will be printed
Upon the sad cheek of the grieving earth.

Yon sun returning in unwearied stages,
Will gild the cenotaph's ascending spire,
O'er names on History's yet unwritten pages
That unborn crowds will worshipping, admire ;
Names that shall brighten through my country's story
Like meteor hues that fire her autumn woods,
Encircling high her onward course of glory
Like the bright bow which spans her mountain floods.

Here, where the flowers have bloomed and died for ages —
 Bloomed all unseen and perished all unsung —
On youth's green grave, traced out beside the sage's,
 Will garlands now by votive hearts be flung ;
And sculptured marble and funereal urn,
 O'er which grey birches to the night air wave,
Will whiten through thy glades at every turn,
 And woo the moonbeam to some poet's grave !

Thus back to Nature, faithful, do we come,
 When Art hath taught us all her best beguiling —
Thus blend their ministry around the tomb
 Where pointing upward still sits Nature smiling !
And never, Nature's hallowed spots adorning,
 Hath Art, with her a sombre garden dressed,
Wild Tawasentha ! in this vale of mourning,
 With more to consecrate their children's rest.

And still that stream will hold its winsome way,
 Sparkling as now upon the frosty air,
When all in turn shall droop in pale array
 To that dim land for which so few prepare.
Still will yon oak which now a sapling waves,
 Each year renewed, with hardy vigor grow,
Expanding still to shade the nameless graves
 Of nameless men that haply sleep below.

Nameless as they, — in one dear memory blest,
 How tranquil in these phantom peopled bowers
Could I here wait the partner of my rest
 In some green nook, which should be only ours ;

Under old boughs, where moist the livelong summer
The moss is green, and springy to the tread,
And thou, my friend, shouldst be an often comer
To pierce the thicket, seeking for my bed :

For thickets heavy all around should screen it
From careless gazer that might wander near,
Nor e'en to him who by some chance had seen it,
Would I have aught to catch his eye, appear :
One lonely stem — a trunk those old boughs lifting,
Should mark the spot ; and, haply, new thrift owe
To that which upward through its sap was drifting
From what lay mouldering round its roots below.

The Wood-duck there her glossy-throated brood
Should unmolested gather to her wings ;
The schoolboy, awed, as near that mound he stood,
Should spare the Redstart's nest that o'er it swings,
And thrill when there, to hear the cadenc'd winding
Of boatman's horn upon the distant river,
Dell unto dell in long-link'd echoes binding —
Like far off requiem, floating on for ever.

There my freed spirit with the dawn's first beaming
Would come to revel round the dancing spray ;
There would it linger with the day's last gleaming,
To watch thy footsteps thither track their way.
The quivering leaf should whisper in that hour
Things that for thee alone would have a sound,
And parting boughs my spirit-glances shower
In gleams of light upon the mossy ground.

There, when long years and all thy journeyings over —

Loosed from this world thyself to join the free,
Thou too wouldst come to rest beside thy lover,

In that sweet cell beneath our Trysting-Tree ;

Where earliest birds above our narrow dwelling

Should pipe their matins as the morning rose,

And woodland symphonies majestic swelling,

In midnight anthem, hallow our repose.

6

3'

